

THE MONTHLY REVIEW

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The Editor of the MONTHLY REVIEW is always happy to receive MSS., and to give them his consideration, provided that they are type-written or easily legible, and accompanied by a stamped envelope for their return if not accepted. In the case of all unsolicited contributions the Editor requests his correspondents (i) to excuse him from replying otherwise than by formal printed letter; (ii) to state whether he is offered the refusal of the MS. indefinitely or only for a limited period. Where the offer is indefinite, the Editor cannot be answerable for time or opportunities lost through his adverse decision after long consideration; nor can he in any case be responsible for the loss of a MS. submitted to him, although every care will be taken of those sent. They should be addressed to the EDITOR, "Monthly Review," 50A Albemarle Street, London, W.

THE ANGLO-FRENCH AGREEMENT

THE Government are to be heartily congratulated on the conclusion of the Agreement with France. So much is plain to almost everybody, though by no means to everybody in the same degree. To one, indeed, of the great London dailies it was not plain at all; and there are signs that the truth, both as to the terms of the bargain itself and its ulterior consequences, is still hidden from a section of its readers. By an unfortunate chance it happened that this particular newspaper was, on the morning of Saturday, April 9, the only one within reach of the present writer. "Amazement" was the tuning note given to the reader: France had "obtained the chief object of her desires" without any adequate return; "the position in Egypt is 'as you were.'" In Newfoundland there was fresh food for astonishment; "France renounces her rights on the Treaty Shore except her right to catch fish and to clean and dry them on shore. But these are the only rights which were of any value to her." The conclusion of the whole matter was that "Never in our recollection has Great Britain given away so much for nothing." Our diplomatists "have parted with the last trump," and thrown in a naval base and a piece of Nigeria into a bargain already monstrously one-sided.

A study of the facts will not bear out this view, even as to the bare details of the transaction. The essential characteristic

of trade is that it is not one man's gain and another man's loss ; both parties are benefited because each takes something which—whatever it may be worth to the other, or to any other—is worth to him more than what he gives for it. This characteristic is undoubtedly here present. No one, it seems, is discontented on behalf of France. For ourselves, we gain, to speak only of Egypt and Newfoundland, the position for which we have laboured for years, the abolition of restrictions which have long been increasingly hard to bear, and which might at any moment have become intolerable altogether. These will appear small matters to none but those who have no knowledge or recollection of the past, in which the two questions grew to their present shape and dimensions. It is easy to forget, as we walk daily without fear or forethought beneath the great roof which covers us, that “the arch never sleeps,” and that if it has to bear a dangerously heavy weight the moment of breaking must inevitably come. To-day appearances may be no different from those we have lived under for a generation ; to-morrow we may be buried beneath the ruins.

In the case of Egypt we have no excuse for not realising the facts ; they have given rise again and again to international bickerings and even to quarrels like that over Fashoda ; they have been reported on year after year by Lord Cromer, and by the Financial Adviser to the Khedive, and commented upon by well-informed writers in this and other Reviews. M. Delcassé tells us that the present Agreement has been ten months in gestation ; it is just twelve months since Mr. Silva White began an article in the MONTHLY REVIEW for May 1903 with the words, “Egypt, in her progress towards financial emancipation, has reached a parting of the ways.” He went on to quote Lord Cromer's words : “Egypt, so far as I know, is an unique example of a country the financial position of which is extremely prosperous, but which is debarred by International Agreement from benefiting to the fullest possible extent from its own prosperity. . . . It is easy to foresee that if the

present system is allowed to continue, a situation will eventually be created which will be little short of absurd." These strong words Mr. Silva White correctly interpreted as indicating "the dawn of a new era," and prophesied that within the next two years—one only of which has now expired—a British Protectorate or its equivalent would be established over the entire Nile Valley. For the reasons which made this change imperative we must refer our readers to the article itself, and to the epitome of the situation by Lord Lansdowne in his despatch published in the *Times* of April 13 last. It is enough to point out that nations of the first rank cannot safely be left facing one another in situations which are "absurd" for one of them, especially when the "absurdity" consists in the obstruction of that progress and civilisation which is the sole justification of the tutelary claims of either party.

This is a truth which is more visible from our side than from that of the French. Another, which has never been forgotten by them, though it has apparently long been out of sight for the English public, is that when we went to Egypt we went with the avowed intention of leaving again as soon as our work was done. How the situation has changed of late years is shown clearly by another of Mr. Silva White's sentences. "Not even the most sanguine optimist, having any experience of the country, could seriously believe in Egypt being able to govern herself independently." In other words, with all the most honourable intentions in the world, our evacuation must be perpetually postponed, and the protests of France perpetually repeated. No amount of tact or sentiment could minimise the danger of such a position: the moment of our weakness must always be France's opportunity, and the constant hope of such an opportunity must always be fatal to a real friendship. All this is now at an end; so far from being "as you were" in Egypt, we hear the *Figaro* speaking of "the abandonment of the very real rights of France," while, in the opinion of the *Gaulois*, "Great Britain appears to have definitively solved the Egyptian question to her own advan-

tage"; and this view seems to have been accepted in France without any serious protest or reservation: a fact for which we cannot be too thankful when we remember, as we too often forget, or remember only with unwarrantable contempt, the peculiar keenness of French susceptibility on questions connected with Egypt.

The Newfoundland difficulty was, of course, a very much smaller trouble, but it was an older and in some ways a more exasperating one. National susceptibility was keen not on one side, but on both; the pressure upon this country was far more difficult to bear because it came not from our own feelings, which we might have hoped to control, but from those of our oldest colony, whose rights and interests we were bound by every consideration to defend. No less than five attempts had been made to solve the question at issue, and the actual position, an almost incredibly paradoxical one, had only been rendered endurable by the adoption of a *modus vivendi*, whose annual renewal was a regularly recurring occasion for protests and ill-will. The facts of the case are probably even now very imperfectly realised by the public, and they are curious enough to deserve restating. By the Treaties of Utrecht (1713) and of Paris (1763) the Island of Newfoundland was to belong wholly to Great Britain; but the French were to have the right to catch fish and to dry them on land on a certain part of the coast. Quarrels followed between the fishermen of the two nations; and in 1783, by the Treaty of Versailles, the shore line was changed, while British fixed settlements were to be removed, and it was declared that British subjects should be prevented from interrupting in any manner, by their competition, the fishery of the French.

It is possible that the exact meaning of these provisions was clear to the minds of those who made them; but a startling difference of interpretation was eventually their result. The British colonists maintained that they had the right to fish concurrently with the French, provided only that their competition caused no interruption to the latter, and that the

removal of fixed settlements was intended to apply to fixed *fishing* settlements, and to no others. The French view, as to the legal correctness of which it is not necessary to hazard any opinion, was, to the lay mind, a very extraordinary one. It amounted to a claim to the *exclusive* right of fishery on the coast mentioned, and to the removal of all British fixed settlements of whatever nature, whether connected with the fishery or not. And this contention was put forward in no academic or conciliatory manner, but was supported by instructions of an extreme tenor issued to the French cruisers on the North American station.

In 1886 the Colonial Legislature, irritated by the failure of the Imperial Government to enforce their view of the case, took a strong step on their own account. They passed an Act prohibiting the sale of bait to French fishermen on any part of the coast other than that affected by the Treaties. The French, restricted in this direction, took to lobster fishing instead of cod fishing on their own shore, and demanded the closing of British lobster factories long established there. The British Government retorted by denying that lobsters were "fish" within the meaning of the Treaties. Arbitration was proposed, but, as must always happen when either party to a dispute is in deadly earnest, it proved impossible to arrange. The Newfoundlanders chafed under the *modus vivendi* which they were annually persuaded to renew; and just as the French lived in hope of an opportunity which might explode our "usurpation" in Egypt, so our colonists had every reason to long for a spark to fire the train of war which might incidentally destroy the bondage laid upon them two hundred years ago. If any one thinks them unreasonable, let him picture the feelings of the eastern counties Englishman if the shore of Norfolk and Suffolk were in the same way closed to him in favour of a nation more than three thousand miles distant, whose gain moreover bore no kind of relation to his own loss and annoyance.

These difficulties, and an almost equally serious one in

Siam, are now at an end. The price paid is considerable; but it is essentially good trade, for, with the exception of a real sacrifice in Morocco, our concessions are such as to take from us infinitely less than they give to France. Morocco is therefore the point upon which have been focused the only complaints made from the English side. It is said that our considerable commercial interests there have been endangered, and, in the long run, sacrificed. If it were necessary to balance pound for pound, penny for penny, our prospective gains by the prosperity of Egypt and the Soudan would have to be brought into the account. But our contention is that for once British diplomacy has made a statesman's and not a shopkeeper's bargain; has endeavoured to see the life of the Empire steadily, and to see it whole; and by discovering and following a real principle, has brought about a real change in the international situation.

As a mere exchange of commodities, then, the transaction is of very little account. It is more important as the liquidation of certain disputes which could only be terminated either by some such agreement as this, or by war; and it is no inconsiderable feat to have removed at one stroke all the dangerous questions awaiting a decision of one kind or the other between two Great Powers. But there is nothing unique in the situation thus created; we have, for example, no such litigation pending between Austria, Germany, Italy and ourselves; and the Alaskan case has recently been settled with the United States. So far, then, we have merely added France to the list of nations between whom and ourselves there is no friction at any definite point. But the completeness of the settlement and the fact that it has followed upon remarkable demonstrations of goodwill between the two countries, not confined to their titular heads, gives an impression that there is something behind, something more scientific and less opportunist at the root of these negotiations. It seems possible that they were undertaken as the result of a general survey of the natural grouping of the Powers in the twentieth century,

and with the definite object of placing France and England in their true relation of natural allies. If this is so, diplomacy in these two countries has taken a step clearly in advance of Germany, whose methods and ideas have so often been held up for our example during the last thirty years. The German principle, as may be seen from this month's debates in the Reichstag, is still summed up in the saying "*duobus litigantibus tertius gaudet*," and great trouble of mind has resulted among certain ultra-patriotic Germans from the discovery that it is possible for two Powers to settle important matters in dispute without any third sharing directly in the spoils. The doctrine that every nation's welfare is best attained by fomenting discord among its neighbours was always a revolting and an unchristian one; it is now seen to be something less than a half-truth. No nation can stand alone in the world, or alone against the world; and so far as a great Power is concerned at all with the antagonism between two others, it must be not as a third party, but as a second to one or other of the combatants. In time of war a real neutral can only be *tertius mœrens*—a bystander lamenting material, if not moral and intellectual, damage. The important thing is that the peoples and their Press should be accustomed to view the international situation with eyes unclouded by prejudices and emotions; to mark off the neighbouring Powers into those with whom they have no natural antagonism, and those with whom, over and above any accidental points at issue, they are in danger of being brought into conflict by purely natural forces. We hear too much of "understandings" to be come to with this Power or that; those who have German relations urge an Anglo-German alliance upon us, those who are weary of the long struggle with Russia, or who admire the writings of Tolstoi, clamour for an Anglo-Russian *rapprochement*. We give away Heligoland or Samoa, and talk of admitting our friends to the Persian Gulf. You might as well throw your garden into the river instead of embanking it. Natural forces are not to be appeased by offerings.

Our Agreement with France, our concessions to France, have nothing about them of this puerile kind. The Agreement removes accidental causes of offence; there is no natural antagonism to consider. The concessions confer substantial benefits upon France: that is upon a Power which in the nature of things stands for the same interests as ourselves, though in the case of trade she is slow to see it. Even in the present war our antagonism is neither so direct nor so strong as it might seem at first sight. Our main interest is that Japan should secure the command of the China Seas, and the open door in Manchuria; but no more. The interest of France is that Russia should neither be bankrupt, nor destroyed as a military power on the German frontier; but no more. In all general principles, in the advance of freedom, science, and civilisation, France and England are nearer to one another than either of them can be to their Russian or Japanese allies. If what we have lately done or given tends to strengthen the position of France in the world, we may be satisfied that we have strengthened only those forces with which we are most likely to find ourselves in unison; with which we are, in fact, by nature allied.

ON THE LINE

EVERY book worth the name has its predestined lovers and haters ; those who " cannot read it " and those to whom it is from the first an old friend and favourite. It is possible that *The Magnetic North* (Heinemann, 6s.) may fail with one reader here and there, because of its tragedy, its lack of a love-story, its sordid details and its crew of unideal characters ; but to all who love the savour of life it will be as welcome as it must be unexpected. No one could have foreseen that Miss Robins would journey to the Klondyk ; no one will ever understand how a woman can have survived or realised the hardships with which the book is full ; on the other hand, granted these possibilities, it was certain that no common story of adventure would be the result. For this is a writer to whom the world is not a toy stage decked out with local colour and filled by sawdust puppets, the victims of irrelevant misfortunes, the heroes of meaningless success, passing unchanged through the vicissitudes of a mechanical romance. The play is the old and terrible one, *Auri sacra fames*, the scene the only one now appropriate to it ; the persons are real characters, individuals and types, men with a childhood and a national history behind each of them ; and their adventures brand their souls as inevitably as the frostbite and the blisters scar their faces and cripple their feet.

Not that the book is all unrelieved tragedy. On the contrary, the first half at least is frank and delightful comedy,

though even this begins with a grim warning of what is to come in the end—a sombre keynote of death and disappointed hopes. But the building of the log-hut and the tall chimney on the hillside by the icebound river; the mutual relations of the five Crusoes, their housewarming and the much-debated invitations to it, are all as good fun as they can be. The great “Blow-out” itself is a masterpiece of romance that would have charmed the author of “The Pirate” by its cunningly woven contrast of extreme South and farthest North; it begins by mingling American oratory with the wailing of Kaviak, the tiny Esquimaux boy adopted by the pioneers, and ends by setting a Kentucky negro song and dance between a Yukon lullaby and the native Alaskan legend of the Aurora. The chapters which follow are the most original in the book; they are full of the manners and opinions of Nicholas Prince of Pymeut, his sister the Princess Muckluck, the storyteller Yagorsha, and the *Shamán* or medicine-man of the tribe. If the Esquimaux are, as the Boy maintained, the oldest race in the world, a direct survival from the Ice Age, it was certainly time that some one should bring them down into the latitude of fiction and give them a place in romance. It is not an easy task, and though Miss Robins has admirably achieved it in the person of Kaviak, the baby, with the Princess Muckluck and her brother she has succeeded only by dint of giving them a Russian ancestor and a silver heirloom medal with the head of the Empress Catherine upon it. They repay her with a delicate thread of fond but unrequited affection for her boy-hero, which runs through to the end of the book, and with an introduction to the Jesuit Mission, which is most vividly and sympathetically described, and evidently in the writer's mind supplies the background of criticism, the serene sky of eternity against which the struggling and transient figures of the actors are seen for what they are. “Funny thing for an Agnostic, but I'm right glad to see a Christian sign,” admitted the Boy to himself when he first saw in the wilderness the great Cross of the Mission, encrusted with frost crystals, and lifting

gleaming arms out of the gloom high up in the air on the river bank. The Colonel knew more. "We Americans think a good deal o' the Stars and Stripes, but that up yonder—that's the mightier symbol. . . . It's the great Brotherhood Mark. There isn't any other standard that men would follow just to build a hospice in a place like this." Perhaps in the end, after all the adventures and blow-outs, after the long-drawn murderous tragedy of the tramp through the Great White Silence, after the death of his one friend and the fading of his golden dreams, it was to the Mission that the Boy returned when the downward steamer took him from our sight with Kaviak and the Nun. "Father Brachet *said* the little devil'd be coming back to Howly Cross." And Father Brachet certainly knew more of human nature than the abject Potts, whose final word sums up the mental state of the Klondyk world: "Damfino."

"Nothing will ever induce me to quarrel with genius!" Mr. Birrell said once, thereby expressing a profound difference of opinion between himself and the proverbial "ninety-nine out of every hundred readers" who quarrel with genius whenever they get the chance. **Henry Brocken** (W. J. De la Mare. Murray. 6s. net) is, without doubt, a book for the hundredth reader. Ninety will say they do not like it; nine, that they do not understand it; but No. 100 will say that he never read such a thing in his life, and he only wished there were more of them. The book is wild with genius. It is "dark with excess of bright," pressed down and running over with imagination, thought, fantasy, humour, enough to have furnished forth half a dozen volumes at least. Genius, when young, has a way of writing as if it would die the next minute—as if it must crowd into the one work on hand everything it has ever felt or known.

I found that we were ambling languidly on across a green and level moor. Far away, whether of clouds or hills I could not yet tell, rose cold towers and pinnacles into the last darkness of night. Above us in the twilight invisible

larks climbed among the daybeams, singing as they flew. A thick dew lay in beads on stick and stalk. We were alone with the fresh wind of morning and the clear pillars of the East.

How beautiful this is! Who but a poet—and a poet caught young—could have written it? What are “the clear pillars of the East?” Who cares? But ninety-nine out of every hundred readers will say that they wish to know. “A man must either believe what he sees, or see what he believes,” says the author. Ay, there’s the rub! for most men—except when they are children or in love—believe what they see, and have not the least idea how much happier they would be if they could only see what they believe. Indeed, the vision of rapture unfolded to us by such a book staggers the ordinary intellect. The joy of the writer is immeasurable. To quote the weighty saying of a poet of a very different order,

He is one world, and hath
Another to attend him.

Whatever may be the circumstances of this man, nothing can conquer the inward royalty of happiness bestowed on him. He is neither to bind nor to hold:

With a heart of furious fancies,
Whereof I am commander:
With a burning spear,
And a horse of air,
To the wilderness I wander.

To a traveller thus armed and equipped, Fairyland lies all round the room, and in the first book that comes to hand. The first book that comes to hand chances to be “Jane Eyre.” With the dreamlike gliding of certain German authors—of our own George Macdonald at the time when he wrote by day what he saw by night—Fairyland shifts and drifts from the odd, familiar house of Mr. and Mrs. Rochester to the arbour where Herrick’s ladies dwell embowered; to that wood near Athens where Bottom and Titania live; to the Palace of the Sleeping Beauty; to the dreadful Horse Country ruled by

Gulliver ; to the uncanny, uncomfortable inn (Mr. De la Mare says it was comfortable, but this we *cannot* believe), where Pliable, Obstinate, and the rest take their ease ; to the moonlit garden where the Knight wanders ever in quest of the Belle Dame sans Merci ; to the churchyard where the two children, Sleep and Death, are playing among the tombs ; to the haunted dancing-floor where the Doctor out of *Macbeth* too well remembers ; to the seashore where little Annabel Lee begins and begins to build a castle of sand that she may never finish ; to the island where Criseyde, the lonely-hearted, still weaves her webs. We may prefer one Fairyland to another, but it is all charged with magic. "You speak like a book" is not thought to be a compliment in ordinary talk ; but here the people speak like many books, yet always under the wand of one enchanter. By a subtle change the end of the journey becomes at once dreamier and more intensely personal, more human, and not quite so full of elfin spirit as the pages that go before. So long as the hero was not man alone, but man-and-horse, he had a heroic outline ; he was own brother to Childe Roland on the way to the Tower—he moved, moved visibly, among the groups of shadows. But when he loses his horse and puts to sea, we also lose, in part, the sense that we can see him. And this is true to the sea, for to the eye it diminishes and dwarfs the mortal ; Mr. De la Mare has rounded off his work with the great circle circling the world, and has no need of any lesser image. In that wider air we may see less, but we feel more, and above all more universally. The man in us vibrates, as it has in every age vibrated, inexplicably, unreasonably, to the silences of Criseyde, to whom our own hearts betray us in a moment of time. For she is but a lovely name for the ever lovely and nameless, "the wraith of life's unquiet dream," and there is no resisting the island of cypress and poplar, where, amid still waters that run deep, she lives and does not love.

She led me into a garden all of faint-hued flowers. There bloomed no scarlet here, nor blue, nor yellow ; but white and lavender and purest purple.

Here, also, like torches of the sun, stood poplars each by each in the windless air, and the impenetrable darkness of cypresses beneath them. Here, too, was a fountain whose waters leapt no more, mossy and time-worn. . . .

"But surely," I said, "this must be very far from Troy."

"Far indeed," she said.

"Far also from the hollow ships."

"Far also from the hollow ships," she replied.

The Northern poplar, the Southern cypress, and underneath them she who haunted the South and the North! No further may we go; the book boldly closes with the shining word that closed the three journeys of Dante:

Only the cold light of the firmament lit thoughts in me restless as the sea on which I tossed, whose moon was dark, yet walked in heaven beneath the distant stars.

On the Distaff Side: Portraits of Four Great Ladies, by Gabrielle Festing (Nisbet, 6s.), is a chronicle of the lives of four dames, each interesting on account of her connection with the history of her time, her strange adventures and chequered career.

The first is a well-known Elizabethan dame, "Bess of Hardwick"; very much married, for she had four husbands. Beginning as Elizabeth Hardwick, a portionless dependent, she became in turn Mistress Barlow, Lady Cavendish, Lady St. Lo, and Countess of Shrewsbury. Her first husband was a rich invalid whom she carefully nursed; her second was a widower, also wealthy, with eight children, whom he left to Bess as a legacy together with the domain of Chatsworth; the third husband was Sir William St. Lo, owner of a great estate, fellow prisoner with the Princess Elizabeth in the Tower for supposed complicity in Wyatt's rebellion and afterwards a handsome courtier at the great Queen's Court. With St. Lo Bess of Hardwick lived very happily, busy with building and estate management at Chatsworth. It was at this period of her life that she fell under the displeasure of Bess of England for receiving the confidence of Lady Catherine, a sister of Lady Jane Grey, who had clandestinely married the

Earl of Hertford, the son of Protector Somerset. The Lieutenant of the Tower received the royal command to

send for Sentlow (*sic*), and put her in awe of divers matters confessed by the Lady Catherine. . . . And as ye shall see occasion, so ye may keep Sentlow two or three nights more or less.

On the decease of "Sentlow" (leaving her more vast estates), Bess married the Earl of Shrewsbury, and in him she caught a Tartar, "narrow-minded, fretful, hypochondriacal, and physically and mentally unfitted for the heavy responsibilities thrust upon him." These responsibilities consisted in nothing less than the custody of Mary, Queen of Scots, nominally as a guest. It was rightly thought that the Earl would not fall in love with her, with Bess of Hardwick in the background. Bess eventually had a very pretty quarrel with Mary, and we hear of malicious slanders and much "coarse scandal about Queen Elizabeth" retailed by Mary and carefully passed on by Bess. But, before this stage was reached, the ladies had such a good understanding together that a match was arranged and carried out between Elizabeth Cavendish, Bess's youngest daughter, and Darnley's brother, Charles Lennox. The consequence was that the mothers of the parties, Bess and Lady Lennox, were sent to the Tower. Both ladies had previously been incarcerated there, and, indeed, nobody in Elizabeth's time could pretend to *haut ton* without having done a little lodging in that grim fortress. Our heroine's sojourn within its walls, however, was not long. As the result of this affair, Bess became grandmother to the historic Lady Arabella Stuart. Seventeen years of entertaining Mary, Queen of Scots, told upon the purse and temper of her hosts. They fell to quarrelling violently together, had furious scenes, and departures from home with bag and baggage. Bess survived her fourth husband for eighteen years, which she spent at Hardwick, occupied with the care of her grandchild, "the sweet jewel, Arbell." But Bess could not get on better with her sweet jewel than with her late husband. We hear that Arabella "now fled from her

grandmother's presence in uncontrollable fits of laughter, and now drenched with tears the interminable letters she wrote all day and every day." Finally, the old Countess Dowager passed away, aged 87, "in abundant wealth and splendour, feared by many, beloved by none, flattered by some, and courted by a numerous train of children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren." So says a contemporary. We fully agree with Miss Festing that, "when all is said and done, she was a woman of rare abilities and indomitable spirit." There were giants in those days "on the distaff side."

From hard-featured Bess, as represented in the National Portrait Gallery, we turn to Elizabeth Wriothesley, Countess of Northumberland, the mistress of Petworth and pupil of Locke, whose portrait hangs at Hampton Court. Her husband died early in Italy, and the hand of the lovely heiress was then sought by Henry Savile, a witty *roué* of the Restoration, who trespassed into her apartment; by Ralph Montague, the wily diplomatist at the Court of Versailles; and, last but not least, by the Merry Monarch himself. Montague was successful, but the match was not a happy one. Her married fortunes now became merged in those of her daughter, Elizabeth Percy. Elizabeth Percy was not lovely like her mother—Countess Carrots was her nickname—but she was a great heiress. She was "sold to three husbands in succession, and suffered the least from the first of the three, whom she never saw again after their wedding-day." Elizabeth had been married the second time to Thomas Thynne, of Longleat Hall, a worn-out debauchee, but the marriage was concealed for obscure reasons, and was finally repudiated by "Tom of Ten Thousand," as Thynne was known on account of his wealth. Then a nine-days wonder occurred to the delectation of the coffee-houses. Mrs. Thynne disappeared from town. "Tom of Ten Thousand" was assassinated in broad daylight in his coach between Westminster and Holborn. Now appears on the scene Count Konigsmarck, first cousin of Marshal Saxe, and the most fascinating of adventurers.

Konigsmarck was tried for the murder, as an accessory after the fact, at the Old Bailey in February 1682, and was acquitted. The theory of the prosecution was that Thynne was mistaken for Monmouth, but there is still a mystery about the whole affair, and Konigsmarck's share in it cannot be cleared up. The fashionable world's expectation that Konigsmarck would marry the widow was disappointed, and she was finally married to and ill-treated by Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset, the proud duke of Queen Anne's time, whose "whole stupid life," according to Walpole, "was a series of pride and tyranny."

The fourth of Miss Festing's heroines is Amelia Sophia Eleonora, the eldest daughter of George II. and good Queen Caroline. Miss Festing has done her work admirably, and has thrown most interesting sidelights on the times in which the subjects of her portraits lived.

Memoir-writing which presents a new subject without the help of freshly discovered letters or private journals, may savour of book-making; and such memoir-reading is like watching a public function with the common herd from a street, though, if the subject be an eighteenth-century one, there is always the chance, during the chilly process, of a word from Horace Walpole in the spectator's ear to warm him with a glimpse of society behind the scenes. Mr. Wilkins, in his chronicles of crowned or "Uncrowned Queens" lays claim to breaking fresh ground. His new narrative—*A Queen of Tears: Caroline Matilda, Queen of Denmark, Princess of Great Britain* (Longmans. 36s. net)—is drawn from many known sources, but supported by the despatches of British Ministers at Copenhagen, 1764–1775, collected in the State Paper Office, and here published for the first time. We may remark in passing that the memoirs of Sir Robert Keith, the Minister who delivered the young Queen from her prison at Kronborg, in Elsinore-on-the-Sound, have always been within reach, and that the personal note of letters and journals is otherwise lacking in Mr. Wilkins' narrative, but

when this has been said we may praise his volumes, which bring before us a little-known English Princess. The story of Queen Matilda is absolutely typical of the eighteenth-century period which immediately precedes the French Revolution. She was George III.'s youngest sister ; at fifteen married by proxy to her first cousin, Christian VII., King of Denmark. Horace Walpole has given us the portrait of Christian in London shortly after his marriage :

I came to town to see the Danish King. He is as diminutive as if he came out of a kernel in the fairy tales. He is not ill-made, nor weakly-made, though so small ; and, though his face is pale and delicate, it is not at all ugly. . . . Still, he has more royalty than folly in his air, and considering he is not twenty, is as well as any one expects any king in a puppet-show to be. . . . He only takes the title of Altesse (an absurd *mezzo-terme*), but acts king exceedingly ; struts in the circle, like a cock sparrow, and does the honours of himself very civilly. He has the sublime strut of his grandfather (George II.), and the divine white eyes of all his family on his mother's side . . . the mob adore and huzza him, and so they did at the first instant. They now begin to know why, for he flings money to them out of the window ; and by the end of the week I do not doubt they will want to choose him for Middlesex. His Court is extremely well ordered, for they bow as low to him at every word as if his name were Sultan Amurath. You would take his first Minister for only the first of his slaves. . . . There is indeed a pert young gentleman who a little discomposes this august ceremonial ; his name is Count Holck, his age three-and-twenty ; and his post answers to one that we had formerly in England years ago, called, in our tongue, a royal favourite.

During the first years of her marriage our young English Princess, we are told, won the goodwill of her subjects by her kindliness and attention to maternal duties after giving birth to an heir to the throne, afterwards Frederick VI. But there were two old dowager queens, between whom it is ominous to hear of her settling down "*dans une grande intimité et un ennui paisible.*" Her husband was leading the riotous life of other princes of his time, "exempted by the title of King from the duty of good life." The historian Niebühr compares him to Caligula. This is rather an ambitious comparison for the "cock sparrow" of Horace Walpole ; anyhow, at the end of three years he had reduced himself through excesses to a con-

dition verging on imbecility, and his physician, Struensee, comes upon the scene.

Struensee was the type of the well-educated eighteenth-century adventurer. "Tall, aquiline, and exquisitely dressed and well read," he must have possessed that magnetic vitality which awakes personality in others and makes a man's friends share his ambitions. He exalted himself by working on the Queen, but this influence is what makes him worthy of attention. Suddenly Queen Matilda became a force. From an invalid she grew to be a splendid rider. She caught fire at the example of Catherine II., and dressed like a sportsman and a soldier. Her listless husband obeyed her, and remained at her side at Hirschholm, an island palace, which became the scene of *fêtes* that vied with those of Versailles. Riverdil, a contemporay Danish writer, narrates (not quoted by Mr. Wilkins) that by Struensee's advice Queen Matilda planned an education for her son based on the principles of "Emile," and in this year of giddiest fortune, when Struensee presided at all *fêtes* as Cabinet Minister, and roamed through the woods of Hirschholm in constant *tête-à-tête* with her, the Queen gave birth to a daughter, whom (again under guidance of Struensee) she nursed for many months. It was with her child in her arms that Matilda was suddenly arrested and sent to the prison of Kronborg, near Elsinore. Dowager Queen Juliana Maria had by a counterplot thrown Struensee also into prison. He was tried, and within three months executed for plotting against the King. Meanwhile the infant princess was declared legitimate by the astounding counterplotters, but her mother was kept in prison. We are told that her feelings were embittered by hearing that Struensee, to try and save his life, had confessed their adultery. But there had never been any secrecy about their intimacy, and the King had encouraged it throughout. However this may be, Queen Matilda seems now to have been wholly occupied with the desire for liberty and union with her children. A sensational despatch, which Mr. Wilkins prints for the first time, from the Duke of Suffolk,

tells us that a squadron of the British fleet was ready in the Downs, under the command of Hardy, to deliver the Princess. "However, two frigates and a sloop of war only were now ordered to Elsinore." Queen Matilda petitioned that she might be allowed to return to England, but George III. did not attempt to stand up against the tempest of Queen Charlotte's virtuous indignation against her royal sister-in-law. George III. thought of sending his sister to Hanover, but Queen Charlotte opposed that too. "Hanover was too gay," she said, "for one who ought to hide her head from all the world." And so it came to pass that Queen Matilda went to spend the remainder of her brief life at Celle, little Celle, twenty miles north of Hanover, cradle of the Guelfs and great landmark of Hanoverian times. Mr. Wilkins is to be thanked for his picture of the pleasant gardens and the daily life of Matilda at Celle, and of the ancient Schloss where William the Pious once made his seven sons draw lots to determine which one of them should marry and continue "the stout race of Guelfs." The Duke George did, and settled in Celle in the year 1617, after visiting the Court of Queen Elizabeth. In the great brick church the remains of Queen Matilda are buried, with all the honest Dukes, whose way of life Thackeray has depicted so vividly for us in the "Four Georges." Queen Matilda's passionately loved children were never restored to her. That she was pretty, pleasing, and intelligent there seems no doubt. We note that the Danish was the much-sought-for Protestant alliance, and Queen Matilda's aunt, George II.'s daughter, the good Queen Louise of Denmark, left St. James's to wed Christian's father, Ferdinand V. But she had long been dead when our little princess arrived in most cruel solitude at her stately palace at Christiansborg, sighing for merry Carlton House, with its "shady gardens stretching along the Mall as far as Marlborough House," and sunny Kew, with its orangeries and fields, where cricket was first introduced and played by that thorough Englishman, Fred, Prince of Wales, her father.

There was living in 1824 in Florence a woman whose Salon was the connecting link between the celebrities of half a century, and whose income came to her in her last years from George III., because she had been the wife of Charles Edward, the Young Pretender. The Countess of Albany is brought before us once more in two volumes, containing admirable portraits of the Stuarts and their brilliant friends, entitled, *A Court in Exile: By Countess Vitelleschi* (Hutchinson. 24s. net). Her famous Salon was an expansion of her dim and forlorn Court in the old Palazzo Muti at Rome, that last Court to be held by an exiled Stuart. Charles Edward took up his abode there after his marriage with Louise von Stolberg, and there she received wits under the style given her in the Palace of "Queen Louise of Great Britain." This merging of a Court into a Salon, where the Countess of Albany ever clung to a piece of furniture called a "throne," and had royal arms on her plate, is sad or gay as we view the dissolution of her marriage with Charles Edward. That he was the victim of the Assommoir—that leveller which deprives even of interest the history of peasant, prince or pretender, as the case may be—would have been in stricter times no reason for his abandonment by his wife; she was given him by Maria Theresa, and he adored her before drink made him a maniac; in sickness or in health he remained the heir, if not of a kingdom, at least of a great name and of a great misfortune. On the other hand, it is certain that he kept her a prisoner in her rooms. However this may be, if at the end of eight years of marriage the Countess of Albany had not gone away with Alfieri to hold Salons in various capitals of Europe, she would not have provided us with the same link with the Stuarts that her person affords. Her Stuart pretensions were aired at all the Courts—at St. James's, where Queen Charlotte gave her "a long, searching gaze," as Horace Walpole describes; and at the Elysée, where Napoleon told her it was a pity Charles Edward and she had no heir, for he would have put him on the throne of England. All this history fills the second volume

of Countess Vitelleschi's interesting work. The first part of the book narrates very ably the story of the exiled Stuarts, including the "thrice told tale of '45," and we have many pictures of the exiled Court at St. Germain, at the Ducal Palace of Urbino, and that huge one which used to be Palazzo Muti but has changed its name, in the square of the Church of the SS. Apostoli near the Corso in Rome. Also of the cloistered churches where the exiled Queens prayed, Mary of Modena at Chaillot, and Clementina Sobieski in St. Cecilia in the Trastevere. It is pleasant to be taken in thought to Italy, even with mournful "Courts in exile"; but it is the chief pathos of such Courts that their sons must be hybrids, and that Charles Edward, a brave son of the North, was brought up in languid Italy. The Chevalier de St. Georges was brought up at St. Germain with the morals of Versailles. He took to religion in Italy; but it was, we fancy, of a more emasculate kind than that of James II. Always consistent in religion, James II. formed a friendship in old age with the Abbé de Rancé, who was full of Christian stoicism, and both spent much time among the stern monks of La Trappe. The most fragrant memories connected with the last Stuarts are those that cling about Frascati. This was the abode of Henry, Cardinal York, who founded its fine library. He was the well-beloved Bishop of Frascati, and fulfilled all his priestly functions to perfection. In a parenthesis, as it were, to his life of other-worldliness, this mild old man once had a medal struck in which he styled himself "Hen. IX. Mag. Brit. Fr. et Hib. Rex. Fid. Def. Card. Ep. Tusc." On the reverse side this medal presents a draped form clasping a cross with the British lion at her feet, with the inscription: "Non desiderii hominum sed voluntate Dei." The same proud title may be read upon the tomb of James III., Charles III., and Henry IX. in St. Peter's, a fit place to record the memory of princes who gave up everything for the sake of religion.

To return to the Countess of Albany: her *liaison* with Alfieri never imperilled her position as a Stuart, as the morals

of the time just preceding the French Revolution allowed her to dispense with the form of marriage. She retained the pension of £2500 a year made to her on her marriage with a Stuart by the French king till the Revolution. After that she lived on her allowance from Cardinal York, and finally on the bounty of George III. After Alfieri's death she started a Salon afresh in Florence. We hear no more of a throne in the antechamber, but only of a "great chair," in which the Countess of Albany, "invariably dressed in white," continued till her death to receive everybody that was distinguished in Florence. Her portrait in later life shows us a handsome woman with curls à la Madame Roland. She wrote no letters, but we gather that she was completely in sympathy with the philosophical society of whose theories the French Revolution was the logical consequence. Her manners must have retained the stamp of *noblesse* which she had received at the Court of Maria Theresa, and at the Imperial convent in Austria, where her title of Canoness, given to her as a child, obliged her to live for six months in the year.

Whilst early Georgian Memoirs are poured out on us, additions have not been lacking to the vast stores of Horace Walpole's Letters which afford the best and most unfailing commentary on the time. A few hitherto unpublished letters appeared in vol. i. of Mr. Tovey's "Gray and his Friends" (a charming work about to be completed). Now a number of letters have been collected and published for the first time among **The Letters of Horace Walpole**. Edited by Mrs. Paget Toynbee. (Clarendon Press.) Mrs. Toynbee tells us in her preface that of the newly published Letters some 300 have been, till now, scattered in private Memoirs. A few may have appeared in magazines; but for the most part they were inaccessible to the public. But over and above these, carefully collated with the original manuscripts, 111 letters are now printed for the first time. This new and valuable edition of the whole correspondence will form sixteen volumes. The

first four are before us. They promise well for the new reading in Horace Walpole. We open on some schoolboy letters which give a charming impression of the fifteen-year-old Horace. The popularity of a name associated with athletics adds to the *intime* charm of these Eton letters. They are addressed to Charles Lyttelton of Hagley, Worcestershire. There was the "triumvirate" of Eton friends, consisting of Walpole, George Montagu, and Charles Lyttelton, brother of the first baron and afterwards Bishop of Norwich. There was also the famous "Quadruple Alliance" of Walpole, Gray, Weston, and Ashton. Horace corresponded with these friends all his life, and the Eton allusions are plentifully sprinkled in their letters. The first letter is facsimiled, and the handwriting is excellent.

I can reflect with great joy [he writes to "dearest Charles"] on the moments we passed at Eton and long to talk 'em over, as I think we ^{could} recollect a thousand passages ^{which} were something above the common rate of schoolboy diversions. I can remember with no small satisfaction that we did not pass our time in gloriously beating great clowns, who would patiently bear children's thumps for (the sake of) the collections which I think some of our contemporaries were so wise as to make for them afterwards. We had other amusements which I long to call to mind with you : when shall I be so happy ?

One of these amusements was confessed to, long after leaving Eton, "tending a visionary flock in an imagined Arcadia," and impersonating a shepherd in the Playing Fields, out of his favourite romance "Clélie," by Mademoiselle de Scudéry. A letter, hitherto unpublished, to the same Charles Lyttelton gives us the touch of nature to make Horace Walpole known to us in a new light, and free, as yet, of all dandified airs, though the above may be a premonition of future languors and graces.

He was twenty and had just lost his mother when he wrote to Charles Lyttelton :

You will not wonder that I have so long deferred answering y^r friendly letter, as you know the fatal cause. You have been often witness to my happiness and by that may partly figure what I feel for losing so fond a mother. If my loss consisted solely in being deprived of one that loved me so much, it would feel lighter to me than it now does, as I doated on her. Y^r goodness

to me encouraged me to write at large my dismal thoughts ; but for y^r sake I will not make use of the liberty I might take, but will stifle what my thoughts run so much on. There is one circumstance of my misfortune w^{ch} I am sure you will not be unwilling to hear, as no one can that loved her and among the many that did I have reason to flatter myself that you was one. I mean, the surprising calmness, courage w^{ch} my dear mother showed before her death. I believe few women w^{ld} behave so well and I am certain no man could behave better. For three or four days before she died, she spoke with less indifference than one speaks of a cold, and while she was sensible, which she was within her two last hours, she discovered no manner of apprehension. This, my dear Charles, was some alleviation to my grief. . . .

We have not room to dwell on the great pleasure we have had in re-reading the letters to "Harry" Conway, Walpole's cousin, the famous soldier. We feel that the man of society is writing and looking up to some one essentially manly. Of the correspondence with women we are promised many new letters. It is known that Horace Walpole did not fall in love *pour tout de bon* till he was seventy, and had time to correspond for twelve years with Miss Berry, the object of his affection. Then there is the correspondence of sixteen years with Madame du Deffand, but these letters were destroyed at his request, for the reason that they were written "in very bad French." We have in these volumes only one hitherto unpublished letter to a woman, Miss Anne Pitt, the sister of Lord Chatham: "Not the sort of person to inform of rounds of assemblies, of empty operas, or even of elections contested with no views."

Perhaps the most popular and certainly the most ambitious book of the last few months is *Venice and its Story*, by Thomas Okey (Dent, 21s. net). It attempts the impossible, but in its least impossible form. No one will ever succeed in conveying to those who do not know it the unique and many-sided charm of Venice ; but great knowledge, used with great plainness, is the surest method of avoiding complete failure. Mr. Okey has set about his task in the most direct and simple way. Part I. of the book gives a concise and well-told abbreviation of Venetian History in eleven chapters, and in a

twelfth a still more concise account of Venetian Fine Art. Part II. is headed "The City"; and is an agreeable guide-book in twenty sections, the last three of which go as far oversea as to Torcello, the Lido, and Chioggia. To enforce this comprehensive survey, no less than four kinds of pictures are employed, coloured prints, tinted drawings, half-tone reproductions, and sketches in the text, numbering in all more than a hundred illustrations. If Venice could be described, this would be the way to describe it, leaving it to every man, when his time comes, to see his own magic with his own eyes.

To those who know Venice already, the book is sure of being welcome. To open it is like settling down to a delightful conversation: to talk over the place you love with one who loves it as well and knows it better. You will not always agree; but your differences will be mainly about the colouring of the illustrations, and there you will step very cautiously, remembering that every bit of Venice is capable of a hundred aspects and every stretch of her waters has as many moods as an opal. The pictures which appeal most vividly to our own memory are those of the Piazzetta in rain, with an inky sky reflected on the wet paving-stones; the Isle of San Francesco nel Deserto in sunlight, the arch of the Rialto from beneath, a view of the Salute from the Giudecca, and the dreamy stretch of lagoon beyond the Fondamenta Nuove, with the cypresses and the long waterwall of the cemetery island along which every one has floated silently on the way to Murano. The failures are surprisingly few, and result mainly from the too definite nature of the subjects; for example, the Colleoni statue as shown opposite p. 280, and the Doge's portrait, which forms the frontispiece. In the former the equestrian figure is fatally foreshortened, and dwarfed by the passers below; in the latter the colours have to bear a too severe and immediate comparison with the original in the National Gallery.

There are two views of the city which have a special interest, apart from their artistic merit—those opposite pp. 90 and 320, which give the Venice of to-day without the Campanile.

This is a view of which, so far as we know, it is not possible for the ordinary traveller to procure a photograph, at any rate in Venice. To ask for it is an indelicacy, which may be better understood in the light of the story told by Mr. Okey on p. 220.

When the Venetians recovered from the shock and learned how mercifully exempt from toll of human life the disaster had been, and that St. Mark's and the Ducal Palace were unscathed, they remembered their protector, and said : *E stato galant' uomo S. Marco* (St. Mark has been a good fellow). Ten months later, when the King and Queen of Italy, during their visit to Venice, turned to look at the site of the old tower, a lament was heard in the crowd of people : *I varda dove gera el nostro povaro morto* (They are going where our poor dead one lies).

The absence of this huge column is perhaps advantageous to St. Mark's as seen from the piazza ; but the view of Venice from the lagoon, the Giardini Pubblici, or the Lido, is deprived of its noblest and most indispensable element.

For every one Venice has over and above its great glories a dozen or so of choice gems, reckoned perhaps by the individual even beyond market value. We are the more pleased with Mr. Okey's beautiful book because he has forgotten so few of our own favourites. The spiral staircase known as Il Bovolo in the old Palazzo Contarini is one of these ; another is the little noticed portrait by Catena in the Stanza dei tre Capi del Consiglio in the Ducal Palace, which gives the profile of the Doge Leonardo Loredano, whose full face is so familiar to us in Trafalgar Square ; another is the Titian fresco of St. Christopher in the staircase to the Chapel of the Doges. Then there is the sight of Venice from the Campanile of S. Giorgio Maggiore ; the Church of Santa Maria Mater Domini, with Catena's Santa Cristina ; and the death mask of Alvise Mocenigo in the smallest room of the Scuola di San Rocco. It is odd that this last name is not to be found in the list of Doges given in an Appendix ; and still more curious that no mention is made of Vivarini's window glass in S. Zanipolo either in the account of that church or in the half-page allotted to Venetian glass-making as a Fine Art.

England in the Mediterranean: A Study of the Rise and Influence of British Power within the Straits (1603-1713), by Julian S. Corbett. (Longmans, 24s. net.) The two methods of writing history, according to order of time and according to subject, have each their separate advantages. This is a book written on the latter system, with strict regard to unity of subject, and making no attempt to deal with contemporary events, however important, which are outside that subject's range. The author has set himself the task of showing how Great Britain became a great sea-power in the distant Mediterranean, and to that task he holds on with patient tenacity, like one of his own old sea-dogs watching a blockaded port. The period which he has chosen is crowded with other great events—the long agony of the Thirty Years War, the duel between Charles I. and the Long Parliament, the War of the Spanish Succession—but to all these the author, quite rightly, makes only sufficient allusion to enable us to understand their bearing on his main subject. Even the great and, from our present point of view, lamentable wars between England and Holland, though so nearly allied to his present theme, do not move him from his station. We seem to hear the distant roar of the Dutch cannon in the Narrow Seas, and even in the Medway, but us they concern not. We have only to watch the English ships as they gather at Cape St. Vincent or Cadiz, and pass, at first timidly and tentatively, afterwards with assured purpose and some arrogance of demeanour, through "the Straits." Needs not to say *what* Straits; not even on the book's title-page. For the author, in his present mood, there are no other Straits in the world than these which unite the waters of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean.

The great English sailors of Elizabeth's reign, as the author points out, had confined their operations (almost entirely directed against Spain) to the wide waters of the Atlantic and its newly discovered shores. Rightly was the objective chosen from the point of view of their time, and they wrought there deeds of world-wide and world-lasting importance, such as they could not have achieved in the narrower waters of the

Midland Sea. But with the transition from Tudor to Stuart, and from the sixteenth to the seventeenth century, a change had come over the work which lay before England's admirals. Great conflicts were going forward on the Continent of Europe, and if England wished to exert any decisive influence upon these it was necessary that her ships should be in the Mediterranean, where the widely-scattered dominions of the House of Hapsburg offered a tempting prey to France, and might advantageously be either attacked or defended by England. Sometimes her interposition, especially under Cromwell and Marlborough, was timely and effectual; sometimes, as under James I. and Charles II., it lamentably failed of its object. We infer from the author's narration that he thinks a resolute employment of the English fleet between 1620 and 1630 might have saved the Palatinate for James's son-in-law, and cut short, if not wholly averted, the misery of the Thirty Years War. But he also holds that the Mediterranean fleet had a large share in bringing Louis XIV. to his knees, and forcing him to sign the Peace of Utrecht.

Mr. Corbett's narration is fresh and vigorous, and carries the reader forward with unflagging interest from act to act of the great drama. If we were to select the chapters which seem to us the most successful, they would be those in the first volume which describe the triumphs of Blake, and those in the second which tell the melancholy story of Tangier. The part played in the latter business by Mr. Secretary Pepys, though an ignoble one, will perhaps come as a surprise to those who have hitherto known him chiefly as the henpecked husband and the small-minded chronicler of the gossip of the Court. Another point of great interest at the present moment is the existence of a "Defence Committee" as early as the reign of Anne: a fact so completely forgotten by history that Mr. Corbett has incurred some criticism for his use of the phrase. He amply justifies it in the supplementary chapter which we have the pleasure of publishing on a later page of this number of the MONTHLY REVIEW.

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL¹

THE urgent question of Chinese labour has been disposed of, and now that the scheme is launched, what recently bulked so large appears only as an incident in the landscape of the Transvaal problem : How, above all, on what principles, is this new colony to be governed ?

Of Chinese labour and the Government's action in the matter I will only say here, that if the question had been settled by plebiscite, while nearly every Dutch as well as English property-owner desires Chinese labour, yet the last consideration among the people—outside the Rand—would have been the pros and cons of the measure itself, and the first, the chance of making it a handle for political demonstration.

“Representative Government” is the rallying-cry of the Dutch. A little while ago it was also the standard grumble of the British colonist ; but of late, since the Bond organised, he has come to the conclusion that he is safer as he is.

To the British Liberal, reared on his traditional principles, representation is the sacred right of man. Even the most doctrinaire politician admits, however, that in matters political a slow and tentative pace has proved preferable to the single

¹ However unwelcome the opinions expressed in this article may be to English feeling, the author has every qualification which could entitle him to a hearing.—EDITOR.

stride to freedom. It is only by being opportunist that we have succeeded in avoiding Gallic upheavals. Here we have to face the risk, not merely of the suppression of a minority, but the tussle of Kilkenny cats. To deliver a land, just convalescent from three years exhausting war, over to an equally exhausting political struggle, with an issue doubtful only in so far as it might be affected by the English mood of the moment—to pit two races in a fresh feud against each other while they are still smarting and revengeful—such a risk might give pause to the most ardent devotee of abstract principles.

All parties must admit that it is useless any longer to discuss the justice of conquering the Transvaal (except, of course, to point an historic moral). Having acquired this doubtful blessing, our obvious duty is to govern it for the mutual interests of all inhabitants—present and to come. The question is: Whether representative government in the near future is for the benefit of the community as a whole? And in this inquiry we must not be lured away by the pleasures of magnanimity, by what our friends at home expect or suspect, nor by the dread of unpopularity out here.

Let us examine the present condition of the Transvaal. Every one is repatriated, and the civil machinery is started and working. But instead of the looked-for "boom," an alarming financial depression is affecting every person and industry in the country. Every one finds himself unexpectedly hard-up, out of work, grumbling and disheartened. So long as the Repatriation Department kept open house, showering loans with lavish hand, so long as the land and exploration companies continued to take up options and pay the rentals, so long as the Government maintained large staffs throughout the country to do all the accumulated work of the past three years, and to resettle the people and carry on a vigorous system of public works—so long, money was plentiful, and the people smiled.

The change has come with the rapidity usual in South Africa. The Repatriation Depôts—the poor-law unions of

the Transvaal—have become past history, and it was high time they did. The tightness of the money-market and the policy of the moneyed capitalists have checked prospecting and dropped all options.

The stress of official work is over, and the Government have justly made their deficit of £500,000 and falling revenue an excuse for cutting down their servants' numbers and pay—reducing their staffs to proportions reasonable to the work they henceforth will have to do.

Moreover, the vast schemes of public works have come to a standstill, and three-fourths of the railway programme has been stopped.

In consequence of all this, the country is flooded with men who have lost their employment, including once well-to-do officials of the S.A.C., P.W.D., Repatriation and Railway Departments. This must necessarily have been the case after the first rush of Government work was over, but in more affluent times most of the men would have been absorbed into private enterprises. As it is, no one wants them; and they remain or go home all clamouring for work, and many denouncing in and out of season a Government which has dispensed with their services.

For the rest of the British element, it consists, in the country towns, chiefly of storekeepers and professional men, with artisans, whose chief care is to avoid bankruptcy and to stand in well with all customers. Behind all looms the uncertain and mysterious mass of the Johannesburg Uitlanders amid their hazy element of "cover," "pennyweights," and "syndicates." These all go to form an uncertain political factor absolutely distinct from, and on nearly all possible questions hostile to the Dutch, or mass of the agricultural community.

On the Boers the effect of the money crisis has been even more serious. Within the last nine months, average land on the high veldt has fallen from £1 to 10s. an acre. Such a fall would anywhere be followed by numbers of judgment summonses and foreclosures. Here the result is specially disastrous.

GOVERNMENT IN THE TRANSVAAL 33

However tempting the prices, no one has money left to buy. Each month the banks tighten their purse-strings; and now money cannot be raised, even on the best fixed security, for less than 12 per cent. per annum. The stores, tottering on the edge of bankruptcy, cannot sell for credit; and the day of free issues has gone by.

Half the country population is subsisting, and must subsist until the mealie crop is ripe in April, on potatoes and milk. It is a diet that supports an entire people nearer home, but to the Boer—accustomed as he is to kill his sheep without counting them—these straitened times paint the British Government ever blacker and blacker.

The Boer does not grumble. He has the dignified, old-fashioned faith that all things come from on high. Vaguely, yet cunningly, he wonders what his new rulers will be at next. The very ordinances meant to assist him appear to his suspicions as a persecution. His ideals are not those of his town neighbours. He asks only to live easily, amassing the natural returns that the year in its course brings him. Why should the British Government want to meddle with the order of things? Why should the "vet." shoot his cattle because, forsooth, of some new-fangled test?

Why should he be hindered from moving about the few cattle he has left as fancy takes him? Why should he be debarred from the profits of transport-riding, even though there may be infection? It is with a grim satisfaction that he sees this Government pushed ever closer to the wall.

The war in the East is being watched by them with an eagerness which is directly reflected in the frightened faces of the "handsoppers," who can never make their peace. Ask, however, a guerilla Boer if they will rise again, and he will tell you with obvious sincerity: "You will see that those who were faithful to the old Government will be faithful to this." But they talk of 1880 and Amajuba as though Cronje had never surrendered on the anniversary of that surprising finale to a local farmers' rising.

Go—a Britisher—to a Boer's farm; he will feed you with his best, and hand you over the feather-bed with the best intentions. The young Anglo-Saxon school teacher, fresh from home, may wake the world with lamentations because his salary is reduced from £320 to £280 a year; but the farmer himself will never, and his wife but rarely, utter a word of complaint over the hard times. It is in their history, their religion, and their character: "My fathers trekked into the wilderness—it was the will of God. My cattle all died of the rinderpest—it was the will of God. The khakis burnt my house—it was the will of God. We have nothing left to eat—it is the will of God." These are fatalists to whom nothing is extraordinary and who will believe anything.

But—and the conjunction is ominous—there are educated Boers—men who are a match for the progressive European on his own ground. It is they who have been ousted from power and who are ever seeking ways of returning to it—educated, active, and intensely hostile. These men know European politics from a different light indeed, but as well as our own statesmen. They know exactly what to expect from Sir Edward Grey, exactly what from Mr. Sydney Buxton. They know also how to fight and how to die, if the use of it is clear. And, moreover, they know their own countrymen, and how to play on their credulity in a way we never can. From one farmhouse to another they ride, whispering fresh suspicions to the Boer, perverting every new scheme, and every accident as well, to the discredit of the Government.

Their papers, the *Volkstem*, the *Friend*, the *Transvaler*, are widely read. They go rather beyond the ordinary party paper in abuse of Lord Milner, but the most elusive and irritating thing about them is the tone of injured innocence adopted. They have every confidence, of course, that the Government means to do well, if only it were properly advised; but what can be expected of a nominated Legislative Council? They have every confidence, of course, in the ultimate vision of the British public, when no longer

blinded by the wicked Lord Milner, but seeing through the clear spectacles of a representative assembly.

And so the word goes round, "We only need representative government. All we have to do is to harass them sufficiently, and, if all goes well and times keep bad, we must get it soon. Chamberlain is done, and the Liberals are coming into power again in England; then Kruger will come back, and the English will go again;" and more things besides they say.

So whisper the leaders, and the Boer is faithful, and will follow his leaders.

What they expect from representative government, if elected under present conditions, may be exemplified by the following conversation which took place recently between an English official and a Dutch fellow townsman, who is so well disposed towards the English as to have incurred the displeasure of the irreconcilables. Its *naïveté* adds to its charm.

ENGLISH.—If we do get representative government now, I suppose there will be a Dutch majority?

DUTCH.—Well, yes; I suppose so.

ENGLISH.—How do you think our relations with England will be affected by it?

DUTCH.—Oh, well; no sensible person objected to British suzerainty before the war. I suppose it will be much the same again. I don't think there need be any difficulty about that.

ENGLISH.—But what will they do about all the garrisons in these towns?

DUTCH.—Well, they might keep a few troops at Volksrust, or anywhere on the border, where they won't be quite so much seen.

Perhaps this may serve to illustrate the divergence of moderate Dutch views from those of the English as regards the objects of immediate representation. There is not one man in South Africa who does not know that it is coveted as the first step to independence.

But, then, it may reasonably be asked why we, the colonists who have not spent £250,000,000 on taking the country, should object to independence? Independence might conceivably benefit South Africa as it has benefited America. Why should she not work out, like America, her own salvation?

The cases, however, are not strictly analogous. America is a homogeneous people, and that people Anglo-Saxon. Other races understand liberty and free government differently from us. We know well what rule we should get with independence at the present time, and we will not submit in the twentieth century to "the insolence of office." We will not be ruled by the Dutch; we even prefer Downing Street.

No sane person who has lived through the last twenty months in the Transvaal can believe that it is the sweets of office which are tempting our rulers to carry on the present *régime* for their own ends. Novelty is gone; the gallery has ceased to be interested or sympathetic. Such honours, glories, and decorations as were to be won have been received long ago, and there is nothing more to be got out of it now, except abuse and the consciousness of duty done. The very names on the list—Lord Milner, Sir Arthur Lawley, Sir Richard Solomon, Sir James Rose-Innes, Mr. Duncan—guarantee all the honesty and intellect that England and South Africa can produce. They and their subordinates have a hard and heart-breaking task here, and all their encouragement from home is the outspoken suspicion that they are swayed by the moneyed classes, and playing deliberately into the hands of the capitalists.

But these English officials here spend their time trying to smooth over dissensions—not in aggravating race differences. Journalists at home may gush of "pacification," and "race feeling subsiding." We know out here that "race feeling" has never been stronger than at this moment, and that at this moment government by representation could only mean rekindling of strife. The recent Municipal and School-Board elections in country districts might have revealed to the most blind the depth of bitterness and rancour that lies under the surface of our decorum and civility. They are a type of what is to be expected on a larger scale, and they have certainly done more moral mischief than they are likely to do practical good.

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Nor is the rancour one-sided. The old British colonial is, as a rule, fully as hostile towards his Dutch neighbours as they towards him—not individually, perhaps, for ties and friendships have often sprung up and survived the war; but he has suffered himself from their rule, from their veldt-cornets, from their contemptuous government. After praise of any Dutch neighbour, the old Britisher invariably winds up with a diatribe against Dutch habits, morals, and peculiarities in general. The colonial's grievance ever since peace has been—that the English from home do not “understand the Dutch”; that the pacification policy is “a mistake”; that the war should have gone on for six months longer, &c. &c. It is only the new English from home who are free from race prejudice, who stand in the middle and keep the balance true between them.

The forthcoming census may have appeared before this article. The figures will presumably be somewhat as follows:

Witwatersrand : Florida to Springs	90,000
Pretoria	25,000
Eight Municipalities : Krugersdorp, Heidelberg, Klerksdorp, Potchefstroom, Pietersberg, Standerton, Middleberg, Barberton	30,000
Twenty Districts	130,000
Whites	275,000

Altogether about 275,000 whites, of whom 180,000 will be Dutch; and of the English, 75,000 will be collected on the Rand. No juggling with the distribution of seats could possibly bring out anything approaching a balance of parties. For many years this country must be overwhelmingly Dutch. Unless we are prepared to use a veto as the Governor's veto never yet has been used in a self-governing colony—never could be used here except combined with preparation for war—unless we are prepared for this extremity, representative government at this moment could only bring us the bitterest humiliation, and end in the “Vereenigde Staaten van Zuid-Afrika.” We do not want that at all; but least of all do we want it in Dutch.

It is not contended that the present state of things is at all perfect. Government of a Crown Colony type can never be satisfactory in South Africa. But there are worse possibilities. An Irish Parliament after '98, with two-thirds Roman Catholics and one-third Orangemen from Belfast, would afford an imaginary parallel. A Crown Colony is bad because the English at home will not see things in the same light in which they appear to people out here. The Englishman cannot understand the political struggle that is going on here, nor can he understand general bankruptcy. The Liberal party at home fancy, to judge from the debates in Parliament, that we want Chinese slaves and object to British workmen because we are all shareholders in mines. The truth is, that we detest the idea of this Chinese indentured immigration as much as they do; but we know there is nothing else to save us. Even the Boers admit it. Ponder General Botha's attitude. When the matter was before the Council here, General Botha forced Mr. Hull to withdraw the assertion that he said the Boers objected to the measure. Directly it was safely through, he organised and wired to England a Boer protest. He had had plenty of time for it here before; but the advantage of having the measure thrown out by the British Parliament was obvious: it would have been an argument for representative government that could not have missed fire on the Rand and among all the propertied classes.

There are other sources of grievance not inherent in Crown Colony government, neither connected with opinion at home. There is too much government, too many officials, too many police, too many grass-captains. Many of the officials still wear shoulder-straps in imagination; and no one likes to be reminded of the reign of terror of the commandant and provost-marshal.

The Dutch, of course, are clamouring for Dutch schools. They want to appoint their own teachers, that their children may not forget their traditions and their duty to their old

country. The results they aim at can be seen by comparing the hostile tone of the children in any of their numerous private schools with the natural manner of the uninfluenced Boer child. The little Dutch school-book they use, "Kijks in onze Geschiedenis,"¹ would form instructive reading to any one wanting information as to the Hollander attitude. It begins with the taking of Cape Town in 1807, and works on through Slagter's Nek, the Great Trek, the Expulsion from Natal, the Appropriation of the Diamond Fields, Amajuba, and the Jameson Raid. Until reading it no one can appreciate how blackguardly a part England has played through all time.

Another sore is caused by the load of repatriation debts. These are now nearly due. It is always disagreeable to have to pay debts; especially is it so when times are hard, when many of the animals you are paying for are dead, and all were purchased at famine prices. It would be much easier were only the claims paid out. Luckily, the Dutchman has no verbal associations with that word, which he spells "Celeijms," and looks on as the best legal excuse for getting money out of the Government. But the elaborate attempt at accuracy, the waiting, complications and worries, and the disappointing percentage to be paid on the final assessed values have disgusted every one.

It is easy to see now that we had much better have paid every father of a family £200 down, and so secured just as much or as little gratitude, and really exalted the poor *bijwoner*. It would have been easier, but less creditable. As it was, the Government honourably attempted to subject chaos to mathematics, and proceeded to carry out their scheme with the laborious exactitude and superiority to time of a German philosopher.

Then, again, it is in human nature to accuse the Government when anything goes wrong; and generally it only means that the bank has politely asked for further security. Time alone can show how much of present troubles is due to an over-

¹ "Peeps into our history."

sanguine Government, and how much to inevitable existing conditions. Time, too, only can do full justice to the splendid courage and single-mindedness of those who have stood firm, and still stand, amidst perpetual cavilling, when all might so easily be loosed "to rush down a steep place into the sea."¹

Representative government must and ought to come; but give us time. We are a new and sorely-tried colony, divided amongst ourselves. Let us have time to amalgamate and organise before calling on us to re-enter the political arena. Give us a few years to show the Boer that the Uitlander means to live in this country and to make it good to live in, and to show the Johannesburger that the Dutchman can speak the truth and move with the times. Give the English and Dutch children time to grow up together and to make friends of one another, as they are doing, whenever their elders do not interfere. Let the new settlers have time to build, marry, and acquire a stake in the country.

Above all, you must give us a few years to allow the smaller towns to grow fit and large enough for representation. They stand mid-way between Johannesburg and the Boer. They are that Left-centre which is essential to a healthy government. In them English and Dutch will be fairly balanced, and the vote may be divided on other than racial lines. At present, they are villages lost in the veldt, but with railways and returning prosperity they will excellently take the place that the boroughs have filled so usefully in the British Parliament. As yet it is all too soon; the war is too recent, the depression too great, and the population of the little towns is still so insignificant that representation for them would only be a fresh source of grievance to the farmer.

Give us time to develop and to find ourselves; and then, when the nightmare of civil war is gone by, in ten years time—or maybe less—we will claim representation for ourselves as a great and united country.

ΑΡΟΙΚΟΣ.

¹ . . . ed avverar sol può il tempo
Me non tyranno ma traditori costoro.

BRITISH RELATIONS WITH THIBET

WITH the despatch of a Mission into Thibet a long dormant interest in that country appears now to be aroused, and the present seems a good opportunity to look back and see how our intercourse with Thibet first originated, and by what means it has come to pass that the promising commencement made by the first Governor-General of India towards friendly trade-relations with the country beyond our North-East frontier has led, in present times, to little but enmity and suspicion.

Warren Hastings possessed an art in dealing with semi-barbarians which is nowadays but little cultivated, while his tact and judgment in the selection of men to represent him beyond our frontiers was in no less degree remarkable. A hundred years ago the Lamas of Thibet were actuated by feelings of the sincerest friendship towards England and Englishmen, and this good feeling remained undisturbed up to the close of the eighteenth century. This happy state of affairs had been brought about through the personal influence exercised upon an enlightened policy by the great Governor-General himself; he opened a friendly correspondence with the rulers of Thibet, and quickly followed up his initial success by the despatch of no less than four embassies or missions to Thibet and its adjacent frontiers. Directly, however, the personal influence of Warren Hastings was removed, his policy

was abandoned, and shortly after the beginning of the last century the pleasant relations which had obtained between Calcutta and Llassa had been entirely broken off. A few years later the adventurous Manning entered Thibet through Bhutan and succeeded in visiting Llassa; but from that day to the present time no Englishman has ever penetrated more than a very few miles across our north-eastern frontier into Thibet; and the knowledge we now possess of the geography of that land and of the latter-day manners and customs of its inhabitants is due almost entirely to the plucky efforts of the trained native explorers sent out by the Survey Department of the Government of India.

It was in 1772 that Warren Hastings assumed the government of Bengal, and in the same year he undertook operations against the Bhutanese, whom, at the written intercession of the Teshu Lama of Thibet, the Governor-General treated with marked leniency and forbearance. The first overtures having thus been made by the Thibetans, Warren Hastings made up his mind to send embassies both into Bhutan and Thibet. Probably no one has since made a more exhaustive study than did the Governor-General of all existing works bearing upon the history of these two countries, and as early as 1774 he selected Mr. George Bogle, of the Bengal Civil Service, as envoy to the Court of the Teshu Lama. Bogle travelled by way of Buxa Dooar, entered Thibet at the head of the Chumbi Valley, and passing by the base of Mount Chumulhari, arrived by way of Giantzi at Teshilhumpo and Shigatzi. Bogle seems throughout to have more than justified his selection for the post of envoy; the instructions he had received were carried out to the fullest possible extent; he formed a really close friendship—which survived his departure—with the Teshu Lama, who seems to have been a most liberal-minded man; and he accumulated a vast quantity of most valuable information concerning that land which he was the first of his countrymen to visit. Through Bogle's able negotiations every encouragement was by the Thibetans promised and afforded to

the free intercourse of traders between Bengal and Thibet by way of Bhutan; while for the convenience of the Bhutanese themselves—who appear to have in some measure acted as carriers and middlemen—an annual fair was established at Rangpur, and continued to exist down to as late as 1832. Before Bogle returned to India in 1775 he had obtained from his friend the Teshu Lama a promise to use what influence he possessed at the Court of Peking to cause to be withdrawn the opposition of the Chinese authorities to the free admission of Europeans into Thibet. When four years afterwards the Teshu Lama journeyed to Peking he had not forgotten the promise made to his English friend, and he spoke at length to the Emperor of China of the power and resources of the Ruler of Bengal. It is difficult to overestimate the importance of all that might have resulted from a friendship of such importance thus happily commenced, but all was frustrated by the death of the Teshu Lama in 1780 and of George Bogle in the following year.

Within nine years of the first embassy a second, under Captain Samuel Turner, was despatched to Thibet. Turner followed exactly the same route as his predecessor, and remained for several months in the country; and although he was unable, owing to the extreme youth of the Teshu Lama, to make himself so *personally* acceptable to the Regency as had the first envoy, still Turner at least succeeded in maintaining the old friendly relations with the Thibetan Government, and at the time when Warren Hastings left India, in 1785, a native of India was established at the Thibetan capital as the properly accredited agent of the Government of India. With the retirement of the great Governor-General all the advantages he had gained were speedily lost or surrendered. In the year 1792 the Nepaulese made their great invasion of Thibet, carrying fire and sword up to Shigatzi, stripping the Lamaseries of everything of value which they contained, and forcing the Teshu Lama to fly precipitately towards Llassa. The Thibetan soldiery of those days appear to have been as

indifferent warriors as they showed themselves to be in the Sikkim campaign of 1888; they made but the feeblest efforts to resist the invader, and implored both the Indian and Chinese Governments for help in their extremity. By China—the suzerain power—the call received prompt and effectual response; the Indian Government merely offered mediation, and despatched an envoy, armed with mediatory powers, to Nepaul. But our proffers were accepted by neither of the belligerents, while the Chinese general did not scruple to express an opinion—which could not but rankle with the Thibetans—that the Nepaulese had received from us more than a moral support. On all sides a feeling of intense irritation was set up, and the Lamas openly accused of disaffection and treachery many of the Bengalee traders who in happier and more peaceful years had set up in business at Shigatzi.

It is worth noticing that in this war, which occupied the closing years of the eighteenth century, the Chinese do not seem to have been unmindful of the strategical importance of the petty border-state of Seccum or Sikkim, which on the map appears as a wedge thrust between Nepaul and Bhutan. A military post was established in Seccum, and the Rajah of that State would appear to have been offered protection from the turbulent neighbours on his borders on condition of his becoming in a measure subject to or a vassal of China.

For a very long term of years Thibet remained unvisited by any representative of the Government of British India, and it was left for Thomas Manning, an adventurous Englishman, to do that which has never before or since been achieved by any one of his race. Manning had qualified himself to a considerable extent by a three-years residence in China and by a study of the Chinese language, to travel unmolested in countries over which the Manchu holds sway; and six-and-twenty years after Warren Hastings had left India, and when the policy of that great man had long been abandoned, Manning—in September 1811—proceeded by Lukhi Dooar through Bhutan into Thibet, and, travelling by way of Giantzi

and Lake Palti, arrived in Llassa, where he remained some seven months. This remarkable journey appears to have been accomplished without encouragement or aid—either in inception or execution—from the Indian Government; no official recognition whatever was accorded to Manning; while the results of his observations and researches were actually not collected and published until quite within recent years. His journey seemed to show that the Thibetan Government had itself no objection—no serious objection—to the visits of unofficial foreigners. Manning's return to India was apparently hastened by repeated representations from Peking, and since the year 1820—when Chinese Ambassadors, or Residents, were first permanently stationed in Llassa—all the opposition to the visits of foreigners seems in almost every recorded instance to have originated with the Chinese, and not with the Thibetans themselves.

Our policy at the time of the Nepaulese invasion of Thibet resulted in difficulties with the Nepaul Durbar, which were not finally adjusted until the year 1816; while our annexation of Assam led to far more active and protracted hostilities with the Government of Bhutan, which were not finally settled until very much later in the last century. In this way, both in Nepaul and in Bhutan, an impassable barrier was set up between India and Thibet, and in Sikkim alone were we able even to so much as approach the passes leading into the country of the Lamas. This paper does not profess to have anything to say of those who have entered Thibet, except when they were Englishmen or were under British auspices, but it is worth noticing that the two French priests, Huc and Gabet, who entered Thibet in 1844, and who resided for some few weeks at Llassa, were also in the end expelled through the machinations of the Chinese authorities at Peking and Llassa. Whatever small amount of trade has existed between Bengal and Thibet has, since the date of our difficulties with Bhutan and Nepaul, been carried on through Sikkim and over the Jalep Pass, and it was hoped that a gradual removal of all restrictions

on trade would lead to a steady intercourse between India and Thibet. It being found impossible for any Europeans to enter—much less to survey—the country, the officer who was in 1865 at the head of the Survey Department of the Government of India determined to obtain geographical information about the unknown portions of Thibet through the efforts of trained native explorers. By the help of these devoted men, whose identity is invariably and for obvious reasons veiled in their printed reports by initials only, a large portion of Thibet, and especially that part contiguous to our frontier, has been traversed, surveyed and mapped; geographical discoveries of the highest importance have been given to the world; while even the sacred city of Llassa has more than once been described and sketched by those of our surveyors who for varying periods have resided within its gates. The first of these explorers, known as “A,” made two most adventurous journeys. In 1865 and 1866 he travelled by way of Shigatzi and Giantzi—whence he followed Manning’s route of 1811—to Llassa, returning to India, after a stay of three months, over the Miriam Pass. Eight years later the same explorer crossed from Leh into Western Thibet, reaching Llassa by the Tengrinor; on this occasion he made but a hurried stay in the capital, and turning home again he followed the course of the Bramaputra to Chetang, and eventually reached India *viâ* Assam. In 1879 another explorer, who has achieved great results, and who is known as “A. K.,” left Darjeeling and crossed the Jalep Pass to Chumbi, travelling thence by Phari and Giantzi to Llassa, where he remained almost exactly a year; from Llassa he journeyed almost due north to Saitu or Sachu, which lies some 270 miles due east of the Lob-Nor, in Mongolia. Then, after retracing his steps for a considerable distance, he turned south-east, and striking into the track followed by the tea-carriers, he reached Darchendo; east of Darchendo lie the large Chinese tea-gardens which grow nearly all the tea consumed in Eastern Thibet, and whence large quantities reach Llassa, and even Bhutan. On leaving Darchendo, “A. K.”

travelled westwards, intending to re-enter India through Assam, but, when within but thirty miles of British territory, he found his further passage barred by the presence of savage tribes. He then retraced his steps by way of the Tsanpo, which he identified with the Dihang and Bramaputra, and eventually, *viâ* Chetang and Lake Palti, the intrepid explorer arrived again in Darjeeling after an absence of four years. Both in regard to its results and to the distance covered, this journey of "A. K." is one of the most remarkable of all those initiated by the Survey Department of the Government of India.

The important results thus gained and the fillip given to the study of the Thibetan country and language emboldened a Bengalee—one Sarat-Chundra-Dass—to undertake the journey; this native gentleman was, in 1880, in charge of the Darjeeling school, where young Lepchas are trained, at Government expense, in view of their future employment as explorers. Chundra-Dass was already well acquainted with the Thibetan language, and had already once penetrated into the country as far as Shigatzi; in company then with Ugyen Giatshu, a Lama and a tried explorer, Chundra-Dass, early in 1883, made his way through Nepaul to Llassa, remained there two weeks and returned again to Darjeeling after little more than a year's absence. The narrative of his journey has only lately been given to the world, though first published and circulated, confidentially, by the Bengal Government nearly eighteen years ago. The book makes very pleasant reading, and throughout one can plainly see that the explorer fully appreciated the dangers and difficulties by which his journey was beset, but had at the same time an honest determination to carry out that which he had set himself to do. Chundra-Dass is certainly the best educated man who has visited Llassa of late years, and his descriptions of all he saw upon his eventful journey possess unusual interest. It is needless here to mention all the explorers who, in modern times, have mapped for us the land of Thibet, but Ugyen Gyatshu, the companion of Sarat-

Chundra-Dass, again visited Thibet in the year 1883, and made a long and interesting journey, and was able to complete an exhaustive survey in an incredibly short space of time. Within seven months the Lama travelled from Darjeeling over the Donkia Pass to Shigatzi, thence eastward to Lake Palti, which was then by him, and for the first time, completely mapped; then by a wide southerly detour over absolutely unknown country to Chetang, returning by the northern bank of the Tsanpo to Llassa and thence by Lake Palti and the Chumbi Valley to Darjeeling over the Cho Pass.

The list of explorers might be carried on to the present day, since the work of the Great Survey goes quietly and steadily on, for while native surveyors are constantly going to and fro between India and Thibet, Englishmen like Bower, Deasy and Welby have crossed and mapped the northern portions of the country between the frontiers of China and Ladakh.

I have said above that, ever since our difficulties with Bhutan and Nepaul towards the end of the eighteenth century, almost all intercourse and trade with Thibet was perforce for many years carried on through Sikkim; and it is no doubt for this reason that this otherwise insignificant State acquired an importance due entirely to its geographically strategic position, and in no degree to the sagacity of its rulers or the area of their dominions. It was in 1817 that we first made an engagement or treaty with the ruler of Sikkim, when we gave back to that country much that had been torn from it by the Nepaulese in past years, the Maharajah of Sikkim accepting in return the position of feudatory to the British Government. In 1835 he ceded to us the district of Darjeeling, receiving in lieu a yearly allowance from the Indian Treasury. In 1860 there was serious trouble caused by outrages committed on British subjects by the Sikkim officials, and an expedition, commanded by Colonel Gawler, was undertaken, which was entirely successful, and which paved the way for the adoption of a fresh treaty with the Maharajah in 1861. In this treaty one of the

provisions, inserted with a view of counteracting the Thibetan influences of the Sikkim Government, laid down that for nine months in the year the Maharajah should reside in Sikkim, and that the headquarters of his Government should be located permanently in that country, and not, as heretofore, at Chumbi, in Thibet. For twenty years or so things went tolerably well; the Bengal Government caused a road to be made from Darjeeling across the Jalep-la into the Chumbi Valley; traders began to make use of it, and trade began fitfully to flourish. But about 1885 the Thibetan influence at the Sikkim Court began again to preponderate; the Maharajah broke his treaty engagements. He left his own country and, proceeding to Chumbi, lived there for two years, and while he became wholly estranged from his Sikkim advisers, it was well known that he had placed himself under the authority both of China and Thibet. What immediately followed is best described by Sir Stewart Bayley in an introduction he contributed some five years ago to a little book about the part taken in the Sikkim Expedition by the 2nd Battalion of the Derbyshire Regiment, written by Major H. A. Iggulden of that regiment, who is now in Thibet as Chief Staff Officer to the mission under General Macdonald :

It was known that the making of the road to the Jalep had been viewed with some apprehension by Thibet, or at least by the predominating Lama class in Thibet. These latter are great traders, and in their hands lies the monopoly of the trade in China tea—used by every man, woman and child in the country—and anything which facilitates external competition with their very profitable business would naturally be unwelcome. On the top of this came, in 1885-86, the proposal to send a serious commercial mission into Thibet under Mr. Macaulay. This proposal commended itself warmly to Lord Randolph Churchill, the Secretary of State for India, and her Majesty's Government applied for and received the permission of the Chinese (not of the Thibetan) authorities for the mission to go. Considerable preparations were made at Darjeeling and created real alarm among the Thibetans. The nature and scope of the mission was enormously exaggerated; the Thibetans professed to believe that their religion and independence were in danger; at all events, their pronounced hostility so worked on the Chinese authorities that a formal request was made by them to her Majesty's Government that the mission should be withdrawn; and accordingly withdrawn it was. While the

negotiations for withdrawal were going on in another part of the world, the Thibetan authorities marched three hundred men into Sikkim territory, thirteen miles across the frontier, occupied and roughly fortified a position astride the Darjeeling-Thibet road, stopped all trade, and treated the country as their own. The Maharajah at Chumbi neither remonstrated nor opposed, nor even reported the outrage to the British authorities; in other words, he acquiesced as a feudatory of Thibet. To him and to others it must have appeared as if the Government of India acquiesced likewise. No steps were taken to turn out the Thibetans. At first it was thought, not unnaturally, that the withdrawal of the mission would be followed by the withdrawal of the Thibetans. It was not so; they showed that they intended to yield to nothing but force. Diplomatically, of course, China, as the suzerain of Thibet, is responsible for the actions of its feudatory and negotiates on her behalf; but in practice China, even then, could influence Thibet only to a small extent, and after applying protracted pressure. The Government, however, both in Simla and in London, was at that time, like the rest of the world, impressed with a belief in the reality of the Chinese power, and it was decided to endeavour, through the British Ambassador at Peking, to secure the withdrawal of the armed Thibetans by the order of the Chinese Emperor.

By opening negotiations with and trusting to the co-operation of China, all action was postponed for some eighteen months, during which the Thibetans remained on the top of Lingtu and in occupation of the territory of our vassal, the Maharajah of Sikkim. At length the patience of even the British Government was exhausted, and due notice was given both to the Chinese Government and to the Thibetan authorities that unless Lingtu were evacuated by March 15, 1888, military operations would be undertaken to attain the desired end. In January of that year preparations were made, and the following force was detailed to concentrate at Padong, in British Sikkim, early in March :

4 guns Mountain Artillery (No. 9-1 N.D.R.A.)
 200 rifles of the 2nd Battalion Derbyshire Regiment.
 400 rifles of the 13th Bengal Infantry.
 700 rifles of the 32nd Pioneers.

The force was placed under command of Colonel Graham, R.A., and it was increased in August by the remaining two

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guns of the mountain battery, 300 rifles of the Derbyshire Regiment, and 600 of the 2nd Batt. 1st Gurkhas, and again in October by the arrival of a company of the Bengal Sappers and Miners. The base of the Field Force was established at Silligori, the junction of the Eastern Bengal and Darjeeling Railways, a place some eight miles from the foot of the Himalayas and close to where the River Teesta debouches into the plain; from Silligori all the units composing the force—with the battery which proceeded direct from its barracks near Darjeeling—marched *via* the Teesta Valley to Padong, fifty-two miles distant. By March 21, or six days after the term of grace had expired, the object of the expedition had been accomplished; the Thibetans had been expelled from the stone fort they had erected on the summit of Lingtu, 12,600 feet above sea-level, and its defenders had fled headlong back across the Jalep Pass into Thibet. The whole of that summer did the force remain among the hills of the Thibetan frontier; two attacks made upon the British camp were easily repulsed, and great loss was on each occasion inflicted upon the attackers, who finally were pursued into the Chumbi Valley and utterly routed and dispersed by the end of September.

The Chinese now again evinced some anxiety to take negotiations in hand. Early in October the Chinese Amba sent word that he was on his way to make peace, and "after weary weeks of waiting, evasion, excuses and intrigue, he ultimately arrived in the camp at Gnatong on December 21, and negotiations were carried on ineffectually for about a month. Sir Mortimer Durand and Mr. A. W. Paul, who were the representatives of the Indian Government, finally broke off the negotiations at the end of January, on the refusal of the Chinese representative to relinquish, on the part of Thibet, all suzerainty over Sikkim. The Chinese Resident, however, was bidden by his Government to remain where he was; Mr. Hart,¹ of the Chinese Customs Service, was sent by

¹ Brother of Sir Robert Hart.

that Government to assist him and arrived in March. Negotiations were again begun, but all this delay rendered it necessary to retain British troops for another year in the desolate camp of Gnatong at an elevation of some 12,000 feet above the sea, and only in 1890 was the convention ultimately signed. The agreement provided for the boundary between Thibet and Sikkim being settled in accordance with our contentions; for the recognition of the British Protectorate over Sikkim with *exclusive* control over its internal administration and its foreign relations; and, in the future, for trade facilities, which have, I may add, been systematically evaded."

For a very short time after the conclusion of the operations of 1888 trade showed a tendency to increase, and rose within a year or two to a value of Rs.300,000; but obstructionist tactics on the Thibetan side of the frontier soon prevailed, and of late years the trade between Bengal and Thibet has been practically at a standstill, if, indeed, it has not actually declined. Again and again have representations been made to the Thibetan authorities in regard not only to the restrictions which they have placed upon trade, but in regard also to the petty encroachments which their people have made on Sikkim territory: only last year a Boundary Commission spent months upon the frontier to check such encroachments and realign the boundary. The Commission was accompanied by Mr. Claude White, who was with Colonel Graham in 1888 as Assistant Political Officer, and it was stated that an easier and less exposed route into Thibet than that followed in 1888 had been surveyed, although I see that General Macdonald seems to have followed, as far as Chumbi, in the tracks of the expedition of sixteen years ago.

Thibet, however, has up to now still remained closed alike to the Indian trader and to the British sportsman; the latter, having shot everything in India, hears regretfully of strange varieties of stag and bear which are to be met with on the uplands of Thibet. Native explorers are rarely keen *shikaris*, but "A. K." has brought back with him to India tempting

tales of the enormous herds of graminivorous animals which roam about the Yangthang—that marvellous plateau of an area of 480,000 square miles covered for more than half the year by abundant grass; the northern portion wholly unoccupied by man, while in almost every part herds of wild yaks can easily be seen and as readily approached. The only cause from which the wild herds of the Yangthang suffer diminution is from unusually severe winters, for they are rarely, if ever, molested by the few travellers in these remote regions. And to think that a happy hunting-ground such as this could be reached in a journey of but a very few weeks from Calcutta, while it would doubtless long ere this have been explored and opened out in every direction had only the wise and consistent policy of Warren Hastings been steadily pursued during the years which have elapsed since that policy was first initiated.

But it is not only as a possible playground for the Anglo-Indian sportsman that the closing of Thibet is so greatly to be deprecated. The Indian trader has much to give in exchange for the produce of Thibet, and the tea-gardens of Darjeeling and of the Dooars should be able to compete successfully with the Chinese gardens beyond Darchendo. In an exceedingly interesting paper on "Trade Routes and the Tea Trade," drawn up some years ago by Mr. J. B. N. Hennessey, Deputy Surveyor-General in India, the question of competition between Indian and Darchendo teas in the Llassa market was exhaustively dealt with. He then computed that the consumption of tea in the area supplied by the gardens east of Darchendo amounted to close upon twelve millions of pounds weight annually! The tea-trade route from Darchendo to Llassa is 1080 miles in length, that from Darjeeling to the sacred city is not much over 300; and yet the carriage from the Chinese gardens only amounts to Rs.5 per maund of 80 lb.—owing to the vast amount of pack transport available on the spot—while the Indian tea cannot be landed in Llassa for much less than Rs.4 as.8 per maund. But if our Indian tea-growers are ever to compete successfully with the Chinese

in the Thibetan tea-supply, they should remember that it is useless to attempt to force *leaf* tea upon an ancient and conservative race who have always been accustomed to tea in *brick*.

Much is hoped for from the present mission into Thibet, but men with arms in their hands can only enforce the observance of treaties—they cannot create a new trade or revive a dying one. It is the merchants of England who have opened for us most of the countries of the world ; and perhaps, where the policy of British statesmen has failed, the self-interest of the British trader may yet succeed, so that the marvellous land, which was once laid open for us through a wise policy and closed again by hesitation and indifference, may yet open its passes to the Englishman and to the trade which follows his flag.

H. C. WYLLY.

QUEEN ANNE'S DEFENCE COMMITTEE

"**T**HE Committee of the Council which sits at the War Office is in a declining state, and will, I believe, soon expire." So wrote St. John two hundred years ago to Marlborough in Flanders. It was on June 11, 1711, when the War of the Spanish Succession was beginning to smoulder out. The Great Duke was sinking to his fall, and the Queen's Government was about to open negotiations for peace with France behind the back of her exasperating allies. What the Committee was no one knows. All we can tell is that it was one which the reinstated Secretary of State ought to have been attending, for he goes on to say: "This account I hear from thence, for I have not been there myself a considerable time." Beyond this all is darkness. The very existence of the Committee is only known by St. John's allusion.

This obscurity is much to be deplored. The War of the Spanish Succession was the first we ever waged by sea and land with substantial and permanent success, and any Committee that sat at the War Office during its progress must have a peculiar interest for us now. Yet in all British constitutional history there is no more difficult problem than these Committees of the Privy Council, in which our great Departments of State for the most part had their origin. All record of them has perished, and almost all we know of them is from chance notices like the above occurring in the correspondence of

Ministers. We know there were two Committees akin to our Foreign Office and Home Office, and another to our Board of Trade and Colonial Office. But none of these three sat at the War Office. Mr. John Morley, in his admirable pages on the subject in his "Life of Walpole," tells us enough of them for this, and so does Sir William Anson in his lucid "Law and Custom of the Constitution," and it is to this latter work that I am indebted for St. John's mention of this mysterious fourth Committee. But neither Mr. Morley nor Sir William Anson were able to help us to an understanding of what St. John meant. Where a knot has baffled two such authorities we may be sure it is scarcely to be unravelled, and if the venture is tried here it is only with a full consciousness of the possibility of only increasing the tangle.

Still, the attempt may be made, for the peculiar interest of the question just now; and a means to the end is not wanting. It is to be found amongst the Hatton-Finch Papers in the British Museum, which contain a number of letters and other documents once belonging to Daniel Finch, second Earl of Nottingham. In Anne's first Government, it will be remembered, he was appointed one of the two Secretaries of State for Foreign Affairs, his colleague being Sir Charles Hedges, and the immediate concern of the new administration was to work the Grand Alliance and carry on the war that were William's chief legacies to his sister-in-law. One volume of these manuscripts consists entirely of papers relating to the first years of the war, most of them of a highly confidential character, and amongst them is a series of rough minutes of what is called "The Secret Committee." Nearly all of them are written in that slovenly uncouth hand of Nottingham's, which sorts so well with what we know of his personal appearance and dress. He apparently never cleaned his pen, was fond of abbreviations, and the notes are consequently not always easy to read with certainty. The rest of the documents are orders to soldiers, but mostly to sailors, which arose out of the decisions of the Committee, and amongst them is a full collec-

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tion of the orders which were given for the interception of the galleons which Rooke finally ran to earth at Vigo, and also notes of an inquiry into the miscarriage at Cadiz. All these have their significance in solving the problem ; but first let us examine the minutes.

The first recorded meeting took place on May 26, 1702, a week after Marlborough had sailed to take up his command in the Low Countries. It is possible, however, and even probable that one or two had been held previously, but of this there is no evidence. There were present Godolphin, the new Lord Treasurer, and Rochester, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland. Then comes a hieroglyphic, which constantly recurs in subsequent minutes in the same order of precedence, and seems to represent Nottingham himself. Then come the names of Sir George Rooke and Sir David Mitchell, the two senior Naval Commissioners who had just been appointed by Prince George of Denmark, the Lord High Admiral, "to be of his council." The other two Naval Commissioners were Richard Hill, who in the previous reign had been a Lord of the Treasury and British representative both at the Hague and Turin, and "Colonel" George Churchill, who was a captain in the Navy, and had served as a Commissioner of the Admiralty. He represented his brother's interest as against Rooke, and being a favourite with the Prince Consort was soon to make himself the master spirit of the Navy. Finally, there was William Blathwayt, Secretary-at-War. He had held the office since 1683, and, a typical bureaucrat of the period, had succeeded in combining with it at different times the office of Clerk of the Council in Ordinary, Clerk of the Privy Council, and Commissioner for Trade. It was during his long tenure of the post of Secretary-at-War that its nature changed, and a civilian became for the first time the recognised head of the War Office. Under James II. his influence had already been considerable, and under William its growth had only been checked by the King's finding him indispensable as an acting Secretary of State at the seat of war. Under Anne, however,

the Secretary-at-War for the first time ceased to accompany the army in the field, and Blathwayt's power rapidly increased till, as Lord Palmerston says in his Memorandum on the duties of the office, he succeeded in regulating almost the whole of the business connected with the Army, and becoming in fact Minister of War. The military head was, of course, the Master of the Ordnance, an office at that time held by Marlborough, and whenever he was in England he, too, sat on the Secret Committee, taking the second place after the Lord Treasurer. Subsequent minutes of the Committee show that it also included the other Secretary of State, Sir Charles Hedges, all four members of the Lord Admiral's Council, and Mr. George Clarke. In virtue of what office this well-known Oxford worthy sat is not clear, for he was another of those many-sided officials who are so curious a characteristic of the time. The son of Cromwell's and Charles II.'s old Secretary-at-War and a fellow of All Souls, he appears to have combined in his own person the offices of Judge Advocate General and Joint Secretary to the Admiralty (with Josiah Burchett), while at the same time he was acting as Deputy Secretary-at-War for Blathwayt, and Secretary to the Prince Consort. As, however, his name does not occur till January 26, 1703, the last meeting which the Finch-Hatton Papers record, and as it appears separately in the list of those present, it is possible he was brought in as Secretary. The previous minutes are all drawn up either by Nottingham or Godolphin, or by both of them; no name occurs of any one who could have been present as Secretary, and the minutes of the meeting at which Clarke makes his appearance are for the first time drawn up in proper form, and in a neat, clerkly hand. He could not, however, have held the post for long, because in May 1705, having been returned a Member for East Looe, he injudiciously voted against the Whigs in the election of the Speaker, and was promptly deprived of all his offices.

We are now in a position to understand the composition of this Secret Committee, and we see that it was, what in modern

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phraseology we should describe as a true Committee of Defence, which was under the Presidency of the Prime Minister, and upon which were represented all the great departments of State concerned, that is to say the Treasury, the Foreign Office, the War Office and the Admiralty, and each by its principal officers. Trade and the Colonies were also to some extent represented in the persons of Blathwayt and Hills, and the Irish Office by Rochester, its chief. This last feature will at first sight appear a matter of surprise, but when it is remembered how critical a part Ireland had played in the last war it will be seen that a National Defence Committee could not have been regarded as complete without the presence of the Lord Lieutenant, and as a matter of fact Rochester was one of the most regular attendants. It is also noteworthy that the naval members greatly outnumbered the military. The explanation of this is probably that the main military efforts were being made in the Netherlands and Central Europe, where they were under the direct control of Marlborough. The minutes of the Committee show that it was entirely concerned in co-ordinating the other theatres of the war, in the Mediterranean, the Peninsula, the West Indies, and the Atlantic, where everything depended on a nice adjustment of diplomatic and military action with the all-important operations of the fleet. It was in this way—that is mainly on a naval basis—that Nottingham thought the war ought to be conducted. So long as he remained in power the Committee was the engine with which he sought to shape the war in accordance with his own views; though from the first it was never free from the influence of Marlborough, whose larger idea was to use the Navy for the furtherance of the general military situation.

The business conducted at the first meeting gives a very fair idea of the Committee's range of action. It was resolved, firstly, that Benbow, who had gone to the West Indies, was to send home ten sail, coming with them or not as he liked, "to do the service at Newfoundland," that is the intended destruc-

tion of the French settlements and fishing fleet, which was eventually executed by Sir John Leake. Secondly, Rooke, who was about to sail on his expedition to seize Cadiz, or some other Spanish port, was to detach a squadron of his sheathed ships to Barbadoes, after his object was achieved, to secure the situation in the West Indies. Thirdly, some measures were to be taken to intercept Château-Rénault, who with the Brest squadron had sailed to New Spain to bring home the Plate Fleet, and this was to be done by the combined English and Dutch "Home squadron," then under Sir Cloudesley Shovell. Finally, Codrington, Captain-General of the Leeward Islands, was immediately to attempt to secure St. Christopher's. These resolutions are followed in the volume by draft letters, in Nottingham's name, to the various officers concerned, which were intended to cover their official orders. Drafts of these orders also appear, those for Codrington being for the Queen's sign manual and those for the Admirals in the name of Prince George. Three meetings held in June are next recorded, and at all these similar business was done, followed by the drafting of orders to both soldiers and sailors.

After this there is a gap, and although plenty of business appears to have been done, judging from the draft orders, no regular entry of minutes occurs again till November 2. This entry, however, is of special value as indicating the extensive powers of the Committee. It was resolved "to destroy Martinico," and also that the Committee of Trade was to consider inducements to privateers, and the Attorney-General to report "what legally can be done." Here, therefore, we seem to have the "Secret Committee" exercising authority over other departments of State. But this is not all. For from this meeting we learn that it was the practice of the Committee to summon to their counsels high officers whom they wished to instruct or consult. On this occasion the Earl of Peterborough was present. His business is not recorded, but it must have had to do with the laconic entry "to destroy Martinico;" for we know that at this time it was the intention

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to send him out to the West Indies with an Anglo-Dutch fleet as "Captain-General and Governor of Jamaica and Admiral and Commander-in-Chief of the ships of war employed on that station."

In another direction the structure of the Committee was equally elastic. That is to say, not only could it summon outsiders to its meetings, but it was in the habit of occasionally despatching some of its members abroad, where specially important or specially secret arrangements had to be made. Thus in August 1702 Admiral Mitchell was over in Holland and in close communication with Marlborough, negotiating with the Dutch for certain joint naval movements that were in contemplation. And again, in 1704, Hills was despatched to Turin to arrange with Savoy for the great combined attack on Toulon, that was to be the real and most secret object of Rooke's campaign that year in the Mediterranean. On this occasion it is worth noting that the secret was so well preserved that to this day the French think Rooke's feint on Barcelona was his main attack.

Another remarkable feature in the plastic constitution of the Committee was that it seems to have contained an inner circle, which dimly discloses itself on the occasion when Marlborough's attendance is first recorded. It was on December 8, 1702, about a week after he had returned from his first campaign, with the whole situation at his fingers' ends. The only other members present were Godolphin, Rochester, Nottingham, and Rooke. The minutes were written by Godolphin himself and annotated by Nottingham; and at this and at a similar close meeting a fortnight later, the lines of the next year's campaign were considered, so far that is as they depended on naval action. This practice of not summoning the junior members of the Committee when very secret business was in hand seems to have continued. Later on, in the beginning of 1704, when it had been decided to send Rooke his secret orders for the surprise of Toulon, which no one in the fleet but himself was to know, there is a memo-

randum in Godolphin's hand, in which he notes for consideration how much of the plan of campaign may be communicated to the Lord Admiral's Council with a view to issuing the Admiral's orders, and how much must be conveyed to Rooke in secret by a Secretary of State. All orders of the Secret Committee that were communicated to the Admiralty in the usual way, appear in the entry books at the Record Office, in the series known as "Home Office, Admiralty," which is the ordinary resting-place of all communications between Secretaries of State and the Admiralty, and between Secretaries of State and Commanders-in-Chief abroad. Certain orders, however, of the Secret Committee to Commanders-in-Chief abroad are not recorded in these entry books; and as we know they were acted on, they must have been communicated direct to the Admiral concerned without the knowledge of the Admiralty.

The flexibility and absence of red-tape in the Committee's methods is further illustrated by its relations with flag-officers afloat. Exalted members of it were in the habit of writing to Admirals they trusted for their private opinions. Thus, in 1702, Nottingham was receiving information from Shovell about the proper strength of the Home Fleet, and in 1703 Godolphin frankly asks Sir Stafford Fairborne, Shovell's Vice-Admiral, for his advice as to how the whole complex objects of the naval campaign, both from a military and diplomatic point of view, can be best attained, and the lucid opinion that Fairborne sends up is immediately acted upon.

The last meeting of the Committee which the Hatton-Finch papers record, was a full-dress one, held in the afternoon of January 26, 1703, at which the plan of naval campaign for that year was finally settled, all the members being present except Hedges and the Secretary-at-War. But as Marlborough himself attended, Blathwayt's presence was not necessary. For the first time all four members of the Lord Admiral's Council were present. George Clarke, too, appears for the first time, and what is specially remarkable is that the meeting was attended by Van Almonde, the Dutch naval Commander-in-

Chief, and by a "Mons. Craen," whom I cannot identify. Narcissus Luttrell chronicles this, or some similar occasion, under January 16, saying, "the same day Admiral Allemonde attended the Council to concert matters in relation to the maritime affairs of both nations," not knowing apparently that it was the Secret Committee he attended. The advantage of this elastic constitution need hardly be dwelt upon. Combined with the freedom of access to officers on active service it must have given the Committee a power of cutting through red tape and getting at the heart of things which on occasions is so essential to the successful conduct of a war. It is, in all probability, the invigorating influence of this Committee that we see in the rapidity and thoroughness with which plans were shifted and combinations rearranged to fit the kaleidoscopic changes of the situation during the first years of the war. It is a favourite commonplace to allege that Boards cannot conduct a war. If commonplaces are not immortal Anne's Secret Committee should kill this one. A great European war, which was so complex and unstable a tangle of naval, military, and diplomatic threads as that of the Spanish Succession, could not possibly have been conducted as it was without some such Board as this. Without it it would have been impossible to co-ordinate the action of the soldiers, the sailors, and the diplomats, or to balance the necessities of each. Marlborough, with his phenomenal combination of military and diplomatic talent and his sagacious grasp of naval problems, might possibly have done it, if he had remained at home as the chief of a great general staff. But he was wanted abroad at the main seat of the war, as such a man, when we have him, will always be wanted, and the only alternative at home is such a Board as that with which he so successfully worked.

How long the Secret Committee continued to sit after the Finch-Hatton minutes come to an end we cannot tell. There is no direct evidence that the War Office Committee to which St. John referred in his letter to Marlborough was the

same thing, though it is difficult to see what else it can have been. All, however, that we know about it for certain is that it was at death's door in June 1711. Now, if it was the same thing as the Secret Committee, this is just what we should expect. The Secret Committee had been formed to carry on the war, and the war was now practically at an end. The new Tory politicians, who would naturally have supplied the places of the fallen Ministers on the Committee, were all bent on peace, and, like St. John, probably took little interest in its proceedings. As for the Service members, the new men at the Admiralty were nearly all fighting Admirals, who had made their reputations during the war, and the only old hand amongst them was George Clarke, who had come in again with the Tories. As for the Secretary-at-War, he was George Granville, the first Lord Lansdowne, a minor poet and *dilettante* man of letters, whose only qualification for the post seems to have been that he had elegantly translated some of the "Olynthian Orations" with the intention, so Dr. Johnson said, of "turning the thunder of Demosthenes upon the head of Lewis." With such new men in the old seats there was little except the fighting Admirals to nourish a Committee of Defence, and as the fighting men like Leake and Byng, Drake and Wishart, had no political influence, it was bound to be "in a declining state," as St. John had said.

More than this we cannot affirm. Still, whether or not it survived till the end of the war, the abiding interest of this forgotten Secret Committee remains. For the glimpse of it which the Finch-Hatton Papers have preserved makes it certain that one of our most successful wars was designed and conducted, at all events in its early years, and in some of its most successful years, by an elastic Board closely resembling our new conception of a Committee of Defence, and that its special concern, its real *raison d'être*, was not the old cockpit where Marlborough wrought single-handed, but that world-wide arena where success depended wholly and primarily on the handling of sea power, and its sagacious co-ordination with

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the military and political factors of the strife. Then for the first time the vastness of the arena was realised, and this is what Marlborough and his colleagues devised to meet the case. We too have re-awakened to its vastness and complexity, and we may well ask ourselves: "Can we do better than begin where the men of Queen Anne left off?"

JULIAN S. CORBETT.

THE REDUCTION AND SURRENDER OF LICENCES

“**A** VESTED interest increasingly difficult to deal with and established, it would seem, directly athwart the path of social progress.” In these words does Mr. Charles Booth define the great drink monopoly which casts its shadow over the nation—a monopoly the danger of which was first recognised in 1816, and which since then has been steadily gaining ground and occupying every stronghold and point of vantage that may help to make its position impregnable.

The nation, long struggling in the grip of this giant opponent, feels it is held in the grasp of a foe too powerful to be shaken off, and, like a sinking man with no real aid at hand, it clutches first at one expedient, and then at another, inwardly conscious of the futility of each effort, but impelled to action if only to keep alive a hope that may blind it to the really desperate nature of the situation in which it is placed. The investigation of the liquor licensing-system laws by Lord Peel's Commission was merely one among the series of vain and foredoomed efforts by which the country, at the instigation of a helpless Government, has thrown dust into its own eyes. It was meant honestly, and we hailed it enthusiastically as the sure precursor of a new era of temperance reform, but in what chastened colours does it stand out as we look back through the perspective of the past? In what a ludicrous light does

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our *naïve* faith in the vigour and impartiality of the inquiry now appear—a faith that has been so cleverly jockeyed by the interests involved!

When questions of licensing are considered by a bench of magistrates, any justices who are personally interested in the drink traffic are under obligation to quit the Bench. Their interests, if need be, can always be protected by witness and by counsel. When, however, a Royal Commission is nominated by a trade-controlled Government, although its function is to conduct an impartial inquiry into the Licensing question, and to arrive at unbiased and equitable opinion, we find a third of the members deliberately chosen from the ranks of the brewers themselves! The very few recommendations on which this Commission arrived at any degree of unanimity form nothing more than an emasculated compromise of the opinion of a number of commissioners holding different views, and were agreed to at the dictation of the solid phalanx of interested men, who, knowing their own mind and knowing how to make it prevail, held the fate of the Commission in their hands.

Looking back, it is difficult to realise how we can ever have expected unanimity in such a body; how we can ever have thought it could give us a vigorous and impartial verdict or a broad and far-reaching solution capable of dealing with the gigantic evil which threatens the national destiny. It could do no more than thread the narrow path of compromise, than suggest a thin and transparent palliative—a sop which the brewers saw fit to concede to an eager public crying aloud for the sound meat of reform.

The reduction of licences was the only recommendation worth remembering on which Lord Peel's Commission could be got to agree. The brewers themselves recognised the expediency of making some concession to public opinion, and perceived that reduction was a plausible and safe siding into which to shunt the energies of reform. There was no serious attempt made at a reasoned examination of the palliative. The Commission collected a vast mass of evidence bearing on

the subject, which, though much of it was contradictory and confusing, seemed to point on the one hand to there being localities where, without doubt, the licensed houses are numerically in excess of requirements; while, on the other, it pointed to the undoubted fact that, where licences are reduced below a certain minimum, drinking clubs and an unregulated trade in drink spring up. There was no weight of evidence to show directly that by reducing licences you will reduce drinking. All that can be said for "Reduction" is that, if not carried to excess, it will tend in congested districts to make police supervision easier and more effective. This, indeed, is something—perhaps something considerable—to the good, and failing any comprehensive scheme of reform to satisfy the legitimate hopes of the nation, let us welcome "Reduction," meagre and partial as this remedy may be, but let us not for a moment think that in it we have found salvation, or that we have discovered the means by which to loosen in the smallest degree the hold which the Tied-house Monopoly has established over the country.

Spurred by the report of the Royal Commission, the justices, who had long been waiting for some mandate on which to frame a uniform and consistent policy of action, set to work to give practical effect to the recommendation to reduce licences. They, however, found themselves face to face with a great practical difficulty, owing to there being no means of giving compensation to those licensees whose houses were chosen for extinction. Any fair-minded man—and the justices, as a class, are eminently fair-minded men—would find himself very much perplexed had he to choose among a long list of licences for the unlucky numbers whose licences are to be extinguished, and this perplexity would be all the more harassing in the knowledge that the misfortune of him on whom the lot might fall would in many cases benefit his neighbour, who would annex much of the trade of the closed house. The stakes in such a lottery are altogether too heavy to commend so drastic a plan of action to the average bench

of English justices. There is something in it that is jarring to the bed-rock rules of fair play, however much the absolutely terminable and discretionary nature of the annual renewal of a licence may be insisted upon.

In this dilemma a happy thought occurred to some one of the worthy and conscientious men on whom the duty fell of considering the problem; and, whoever he may be, let all praise be given to him for the motive of the suggestion and all excuse for the shortness of vision which, as we now perceive, overshadowed its conception. This ingenious expedient for reducing licences and at the same time for giving compensation to the dispossessed licensee has now been widely adopted, much as a new patent would be, by the Benches all over the country. It is effected by making those new licences, which have to be created in districts where the needs of the population have grown, serve as a means of giving compensation in kind; these new licences being granted as gifts to compensate those from whom unnecessary and superfluous licences are taken. The practice, however, has grown to be this: that when a new licence has to be created it is given, as a rule, only to the brewer, who can surrender two, three, or sometimes four old licences. A system which, at its inception, took the form of an expedient of a purely compensatory nature, has assumed the character rather of a purchase by a brewer, who practically buys a new licence with counters in the form of old houses of smaller value. Moreover, where there are several applicants for the new licences the Bench often lets it go to the highest bidder, the proceedings taking practically the form of a sale by auction, the bids being made in old licences.

There can be no doubt that a certain number of small and little-frequented houses have in this way received their quietus; but, on the other hand, many ill-paying houses, struggling for existence, have been kept going purely on account of their value as possible counters in the purchase of some prospective new licence. The best-laid schemes of mice and J.P.s "gang aft a-gley," and here we find a well-meant and ingenious scheme

for reducing the number of licences actually giving a new lease of life to many a decaying and useless house.

All might be well if this were the extent of the evil resulting from the present policy, but unfortunately the plan of exacting surrenders in exchange—we may say *in payment*—for new licences entails far graver consequences. In the deplorable *impasse* in which we now find ourselves in face of the postpone-ment session after session of any measure of compensation, there are two large and obvious expedients of precautionary policy to which the great mass of the reasoning public clings as bulwarks against the growing power of the “trade.” The one is that, however much opinions may differ as to the right of the trade to claim compensation, as to the equitable amount of such compensation, and as to the sources from which the funds should come, one fact is quite clear and stands unchallenged as the rallying-ground for all shades of Temperance opinion—namely, the absolute duty of the nation to see that nothing whatever is allowed that may in any way or tittle strengthen the claim for compensation which the brewers are pressing. The other—a proposal of more recent origin, but one which has so strongly appealed to the sense of justice of the country that it has won well-nigh universal approval—is that, without disturbing the brewers in the vast possessions they have secured, we should, at any rate, draw a “ring-fence” round the Tied-house Monopoly, and see that no new licences in the future be allowed to fall within that fence.

Now let us consider how these two fundamental safeguards of future independence are affected by the surrender policy now in fashion. The strength of the trade claim to compensation has hitherto been limited to such considerations as the sanction given by custom to fixity of tenure, of the recognition of some sort of vested right by the taxation of licensed-house values, or by the payment of death duties on licensed property, but no foothold has ever yet been given for a claim to compensation on the ground that payment in cash or in kind was exacted for the licences granted by the justices.

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The ruling of the High Courts has, indeed, been adverse to the validity of any such transaction. In one case the gift of a public park, and in another the contribution to some public charity which had been on different occasions exacted by the Bench as a *quid pro quo* for a new licence, was declared illegal. But in the recent instances where the justices have insisted on the surrender of two, three, or sometimes four licences in exchange for the gift of a new licence, is the case any different? Have we here a transaction which is anything else but the sale of a licence for value in kind? The transaction may be one obviously to the advantage of the public, but not more obviously so than the offer of a park or the gift to a hospital which has been declared illegal. There can be no doubt that the fact that a new licence has been granted for the price of two or more old licences gives a vested interest to the newly licensed house, and also a future claim to compensation of a kind which constitutes a new feature in our licensing problem. The claim is all the stronger in those numerous cases where brewers have actually bought up old licences to serve as counters for the purchase of new ones, and in any case we must regard all those licences that have recently been acquired in this manner as being in every way as inalienable as the ante-1869 beerhouses, whose favoured position constitutes the great obstacle that everywhere thwarts the activity of our licensing magistrates.

The surrender policy seems then to be materially strengthening the position of the brewers in respect of compensation. Does it likewise give them new wealth, new territory, new possessions, a larger monopoly? Most certainly it does. The Tied-house Monopoly must first be impounded before any attempt to draw its teeth can be attempted. We must ring-fence it. We must give it no more licences, but must see that in future all new licences are placed under the closer magisterial and public control offered by the agency of the trust companies, or, wherever this is not possible, at any rate their free management in the hands of independent holders must be guaranteed. Is this possible under the custom of exacting

surrenders which prevails on most Benches? What happens when a new licence is being granted and the applicants for it come before the Bench? Let us assume a typical case where each of the three classes of applicant is represented. First, the County Public House Trust Company asks that it may be entrusted with the licence on the ground of disinterested management, of public control for the protection of the public, of saving to the public the great value attaching to the licence which otherwise would fall into private hands. Generally an independent and substantial man of known respectability comes forward and urges that if he gets the licence it will have all the advantages which a free house can offer to the public in the selection of the best liquors, and that in his hands the house would constitute an oasis in the midst of the vast Tied-house Monopoly that overspreads the district. Lastly, the local brewer comes before the Bench and offers to surrender two or three of his smaller houses if the new house is given to him, well knowing that, under present conditions of restricted licensing, a new house is worth many of the old and decaying licences in over-licensed districts.

The Bench asks the two first applicants if they can offer surrenders. Their reply can only be in the negative, for all surrounding houses are in brewers' hands. This reply at once puts them out of court, and the licence goes to the brewer. Truly to him that hath shall be given! The surrender policy simply means the double tying of the Tied-house Monopoly.

Where, indeed, can we turn for succour in this deplorable situation? Not to a Government that at the bidding of the trade is threatening the justices with a cynical indignity; nor to the extreme section of the Temperance party, whose fanaticism gives an ever-ready pretext for the cry of injustice raised by the brewers. It is to the nation itself that we must look, for, as Lord Rosebery has well said, the nation must gather together its strength and master the "trade," or the "trade" will in a few decades have succeeded in mastering the nation.

H. J. CRAUFURD.

MY GOLDEN SISTERS

A MACEDONIAN PICTURE

THEY are stumpy, they are stout, they are heavily built and clumsy, they have faces like Dutch cheeses; they wear their hair in two draggly, skimpy pigtaails which they prolong with wool and string and ornament with a bunch of brass buttons, the handle of a broken pair of scissors, a bunch of steel chain, or some obsolete Austrian coins; they tie their heads up in black handkerchiefs which cover mouth and chin in Mohammedan manner, and their costume is the most unlovely ever yet devised; they call me their "golden sister"; the yard is full of them, and they are all unutterably filthy.

"Give, give," they cry from morning till night. They seize me as I pass, and I keep my hands in my pockets to save them from unwashen kisses.

"I have received nothing;" cries the first, "nothing, nothing. Oh, my golden sister, tell them to give to me."

"Is thy village burnt?"

"All burnt, all burnt."

"Then thou hast received flour?" (This sternly.)

"I receive flour," she admits reluctantly.

"Give me thy ticket." A glance at this shows that she has also had a blanket. This, too, she admits. And a mintan (wadded coat). All these she has had some days ago, "but to-day nothing, nothing." "Go, there is no more for thee. Thou hast received enough."

She is indignant. Another woman, she says, has received linen for a shirt. It is useless to point out that her own shirt is in good condition, whereas the other lady is in rags. She knows that the depôt possesses linen, and linen she has made up her mind to have. I pay no further attention to her—there are a hundred others to interview—but she remains for hours. She is still there when I return from visiting the sick, and her cry is continually, “I have received nothing.” She expects a gift every time she visits the depôt, and she will return again and again to the charge.

The funds of the society do not permit of our giving a garment to every member of a family, and the most able-bodied usually takes possession of the coveted article. A stout and comfortable woman, warmly clad in the multitude of wadded upper garments in which they like to wrap themselves even in warm weather, prayed eloquently for a mintan for her daughter. “She is very cold, very cold; she has nothing; all night and all day she is cold.”

“But we gave you a mintan.” She points complacently to the one she has on. We laugh, and tell her to lend it her daughter, and the mere idea makes her very indignant.

Orphans are known to be the recipients of special relief. “I have no father,” says an elderly married woman as a reason why she should receive another gift; and a man of fifty thinks he would like to go to the proposed American Orphanage. An anxious woman with a child of five years comes forward and begs for some physic to make it speak. It is a deaf-mute, and we cannot make her believe that we are powerless to assist.

Peasants that are obviously in want, lean and ragged, we assist, even though their village be not burnt. These receive a gift of flour and depart with thanks. They are, as a rule, much more grateful than those who are on the list, and have been receiving a regular grant for weeks. One poor old lady threw up her hands to heaven and crossed herself before taking up her little sack. Some burst into tears, and one old widow to whom I gave money wished me as many blessings as she

had hairs on her head, and all that my heart desired. The last she emphasised by patting her abdomen. Others, I regret to say, remark cheerfully, "Now I want a blanket, a mintan, linen for a shirt, and stockings." Not so the two brides, dumpy and shapeless maidens, overpowered with exceeding shyness, whose marriage coffers, filled with the work of years, have been plundered by the Turks. They pray only for a piece of stuff to make a garment, and are so overcome by the gift of a good length of cloth apiece that one weeps tears of joy, and both overwhelm us with thanks.

One woman put in a blood-curdling claim for help the other day. She admitted at once that her village had neither been burnt nor plundered, but she said that the Turks had roasted her husband to death in an oven, and that she was quite destitute. She stated the fact crudely and without adornment, and her manner inclined me to belief. Gruesome things have been done in this land before now, and of excessive flogging, when a search is made for arms, there is plenty of evidence. I gave her privately a gift of money, as a sack of flour to one from a village hitherto unaided is apt to bring down the whole village for relief the very next day. This is the only case of the sort that has come to me.

This was all written yesterday. Now the yard is full of more golden sisters from elsewhere, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow there will be yet more. And all alike, so that I can hardly tell "t'other from which," and all bound round the abdomen with some fifteen yards of black woollen cord, knotted up the front so that it projects hideously and forms a sort of shelf, upon which they rest their arms. They tell me that when the cord is off they feel as if they "had lost their souls." They wonder at my cordlessness and I at them. Nevertheless, they have no doubt that I am their sister. For my part, I wonder if they belong to the same genus as I do—let alone species, and a certain nigger song, adapted, flits through my head, "Oh, those golden sisters; oh, those golden sisters; oh, those golden sisters, oh!"

Another woman appears. She declares vehemently, "I have had nothing." She is from a burnt village, and should have received much. Her ticket proves that she has had some of all that we supply. But she persists in her denial. It was another "Madama" who gave her all these things; this one (myself) has given her nothing. She expects a second outfit from me and is left talking. It is astonishing how slow-witted my golden sisters are, and how impossible it is to drive a new idea into them. Animal-like, they have learnt that food is to be found in a certain spot, and they return again and again. They pursue me in the street; they say they have a ticket for flour, and that my servant has refused to give them any. They cry, they shout, they all talk at once. I return to the depôt and ask an explanation. A week ago, it appears, they received rations for a month, and were told not to come again till the month was up. This has all been already explained to them. We explain it again. They begin again, "My golden sister, I have come for flour, and your servant will not give it to me." Renewed explanations; the ticket is shown, read aloud, the day of the month stated, &c. The incident appears closed. But no; as soon as they can get a word in, and rather before, they begin, "Listen, my golden sister; I have come for flour. Your servant, &c. &c." After the fourth or fifth explanation we vainly order them to leave the depôt; they all squat in a row and we leave them, and on our return later the chorus again arises. They admit that they have plenty of flour still at home, but until it is time to retire thither they persist in their demand.

Some are extraordinarily persevering. We have hired rooms for sick people from time to time. There is a woman in the town who had a wounded man staying in her house before the British Relief Fund was started. She turns up regularly and demands to be paid. She admits that she made the arrangement herself, with no thought of payment at the time, but now, as other women have been paid for rooms, she ought to be paid also. She waylays me at the door and

waits for me on the stairs; she comes into the hospital with the out-patients; I fly when I see her coming down the street. I have even been reduced to taking her by the shoulders and turning her out, but when I leave the place for good I believe that one of the last things I shall see will be her dirty mauve plush dress and her turn-up nose as she cries, "The other women have been paid for rooms," &c.

The gratitude of my golden sisters can occasionally be more alarming than their indignation. They embrace me in a hug of dirty rags, and they kiss me on both cheeks. One poor old lady told me, after this ceremony, that she had been mourning the death of her son for eight years to such an extent that during all of that period she had never washed her head! "No soap," she cried, "will ever touch it again. I mourn always!"

I started from her embrace. "That is not clean," I cried crudely.

"No, my golden sister," she said, "it is not clean. I mourn always." I felt thankful for the custom that caused her to tie her head up in a handkerchief, and concluded our transactions rather hastily. I fear she was disappointed that her revelations did not produce extra rations.

There are also delicate attentions which I could dispense with. A dog jumped up and made a muddy paw-mark on my jacket, whereupon a woman very kindly rushed to my assistance, spat copiously on the spot, and was about to scour it with her elbow. I shied promptly and thrust out a defensive arm. She was surprised, and I fear hurt in her feelings. So was another woman who told her little boy to kiss my hand. He had diphtheria, and the kiss was to be as thanks for the injection of serum he had just received. As, in spite of my efforts, many people insist on kissing my hand daily, I felt it my duty to keep it as free from infection as circumstances permit, and I refused his homage. My golden sisters have not the smallest thought about infection, either with regard to diphtheria or small-pox. In one village I was asked to give an extra "tip" for the cooking of my supper, because the priest's wife had

cooked it for me at her own house, and she was only just recovering from small-pox, and her two children were still ill.

On the other hand, every one is afraid of pulmonary consumption, and it is difficult to get any one even to wash a patient's linen. It is hardly necessary to say that no sanitary precautions of any kind are ever taken. Every description of filth is thrown into the streets on a rainy day to be washed into the lake. There is no other way of disposing of sewage. After rain people drink water that is thick and yellow, "la soupe dysenterique," as the doctor pleasantly calls it. The death-rate is, of course, high, as, in addition to all the usual diseases, gunshot wounds have to be reckoned also. The "coup-de-fusil" is chronic here throughout the year, and becomes epidemic during the summer. When it is raging, it may even be called infectious and contagious, for it is possible to develop a bullet while on the way home from visiting a patient.

Outwardly, of course, my golden sisters have a very great horror of water, and if the doctor order a cold compress, are much alarmed. They seldom take their medicines properly, for there are many difficulties in the way. To begin with, there is nothing with which to measure a dose. You cannot prescribe a tea- or a table-spoonful in a land where the articles don't exist, and the pharmacy does not possess measured bottles. The tiny cups from which black coffee is taken are the only things at all of a standard size, but in the villages only a few families possess them. Moreover, every one believes that the more medicine they take the sooner they will recover, and they come back triumphantly four days after they have received medicine for a week, to say they have finished it and want more. When they have received a prescription, and I have signed it, much trouble often begins. Nothing will make some women understand that they are to take it to the pharmacy and receive the physic there. "I am a poor woman, I have come for physic, and you have given me nothing." The letter, she is told, will obtain medicine. She

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is to go to the pharmacy, &c. She does not know where the pharmacy is. It is in the bazar where she goes for business on market-days. If she will go to the bazar, any one will show her the pharmacy. She begins again, "My golden brother (this to the doctor), I am a poor woman: I came here for physic," &c. All she has to do, we say, is to go to the bazar. The situation of the pharmacy is elaborately described, and she is sent downstairs. We finish the out-patients. We dress the in-patients and we return to the depôt. There we find the woman with the paper in her hand. She has not been to the bazar; she has made no attempt to find the pharmacy; she has come straight to the depôt. "Listen, my golden sister. I am a poor woman. I have come for physic," &c. The bazar is probably full of the folk of her own village, and she will have to go there on her way home, but to the depôt she persists in coming, and she begins again, "My golden sister," &c.

Were it not for their extreme poverty and misery, my golden sisters would be intolerable. But they are the wretched and ignorant victims of international jealousies and political hatreds, and one cannot but pity them. Their male folk, who possess only a fraction more intellect, joined a "band," and are now houseless, workless, penniless, and may be wounded also. No member of the band had ever had a gun before; there was not a good shot in it; it was led by the village schoolmaster, who was as ignorant of things military as are my golden sisters of things in general. It made a futile, hopeless attempt foredoomed to failure, and allowed itself to be caught in a narrow valley. It was routed and its village burnt to the ground. Nor did the Committee which urged these men to rise expect more of them than that this blood and suffering should excite the sympathy of Europe. Therefore the more deaths the better.

"We expected to lose half the population in the insurrection," said one who is "behind the scenes" to me, "and we have lost scarcely a quarter." And he seemed disappointed.

And as long as Turkish rule continues, so long will the peasantry arise and make hopeless efforts against it, and the tale will be written in blood and more blood till the end. The peasant fears to rise, for he is not "a fighting man," and he knows the probable consequences of failure; but his lot is so intolerable that, as he says himself, he may as well die as live. The tale of excessive taxation, and of the way in which even double or treble the amount due is forced from the defenceless Christian villager, has been told too often to need recapitulation. In addition to this, he is liable to robbery and brigandage in the wilder parts, for the Turkish Government seldom or never makes any attempt to restrain the lawlessness of a large part of the Mohammedan population. There is no appeal and no redress for the Christian, even when his children are stolen and put up to ransom for such a heavy sum that he has to sell all his flocks and borrow money, to rescue them from the death that would be their fate, should he fail to pay.

The peasant knows nothing at all of the outside world nor of the organisers of the movement that bids him rise. He knows only that the Turks make his life a burden and the Committee will have him shot if he refuses to join a "band." If he join it there is the off chance of freedom and living happily ever after. This, he believes, means licence to carry a gun and treat the Turks as they have treated him. He rises now to the call of Bulgaria, financed by Panslavonic funds, and he dances to a Bulgarian air. He would have risen equally to the call of Greece or Servia had either of those nations been able to afford to pay the pipes so handsomely, and unless Europe intervenes to save him from his "friends" and foes he will continue to rise as long as there is anything left of him. And Europe says when he rises, "Those that ask shan't have," and when he is quiet, "Those that don't ask don't want."

I cannot pretend that this peasantry is in any way lovable or admirable. As far as I have seen it, it is a peasantry of the lowest type, dull-witted and of poor physique, inferior to any

of the other Balkan races with which I am acquainted, and under the present government it can never by any possibility become any better. The Turkish system of administration is corrupt beyond all cure. No Austro-Russian quack medicines can hurt it. All efforts at patching and mending the rotten structure are foredoomed to failure. They may enable the Turk to reign a little longer in Europe, but they will produce no improvement in the state of the people. Europe is largely responsible for the fact that the Turk is still here and that the subject Christians are corrupt, degraded, and semi-savage. I use the term "savage" advisedly, for I know a man who boasts of having poisoned fifteen Turkish soldiers, and we have been asked at this dépôt to supply poison for traitors, it being unsafe to shoot them. The Turks took this land five centuries ago. It is one of the fairest corners of Europe, and they have made it a disgrace to humanity. In point of civilisation it has in many ways advanced very little beyond the point it had reached when Mohammedan rule began here, and it will never advance while that rule continues. A Christian ruler under the supervision of the Powers and not of the Sultan is the only cure for existing evils, and even then progress will be effected but slowly.

Here we wait from day to day, and there is no news of the promised reforms. We begin to doubt whether they were ever intended for anything but a topic of conversation for the Sultan and various envoys. All hope of help is fast dying away and the human shooting season has begun. The disease is only chronic at present, but the number of cases is increasing. Europe appears to demand another bath of blood before she is convinced that decided action is necessary; and there is, as far as I can see, no room for doubt that, should she elect to wait a little longer, her desire will be amply and fully satisfied. Europe still clings to the belief that the Sultan can be taught to govern justly, and, alas, it is almost as hard to drive a new idea into Europe as into my golden sisters.

Ochrida, March 7th, 1904.

M. EDITH DURHAM.

PLAGUE IN INDIA

AN EXPERIENCE

PLAGUE is raging. It is a feeble and inadequate description, equally applicable to a thunderstorm of a few hours' duration, or the momentary outburst of a naughty child in the nursery.

It will be nearer the mark, perhaps, to say that the plague is throttling us; it is as though some huge boa-constrictor had enveloped the place in its deadly coils and were squeezing out the life by inches. Out of a population, reduced now to some twenty-five thousand, or less, over five thousand have already died within the last two months, and more than one hundred and fifty are dying daily.

India is a land of short memories; in two years' time those of us who are left will probably have forgotten all about it, as we have already almost forgotten about the famine of four years ago. It may be as well to crystallise a few impressions while they are fresh.

And foremost of all, overshadowing all others, darkening the whole picture, an ineradicable memory—as it seems to us at the moment—is the leaden sky with the incessant down-pour of rain. It is now the beginning of September, and we have hardly seen the sun since the last week of June, and then only for an occasional few minutes at a time, just a watery glimmer, with no heat in it, or comfort. The meteorological report shows that we have already had, up to date, eighteen

inches of rain above our average. In many other districts of India the rainfall this year is deficient, but in this place of all places, in this year of all years, when a fortnight's break in the monsoon might have meant so much, we are registering a rainfall that surpasses the records of a quarter of a century.

It is the rain that paralyses us. When the disease first visited us in April it was comparatively easy to deal with. The plague germ is no exception to the ruck of evil-doers; it loves darkness rather than light. Given a hot sun and a free circulation of air, the conditions are such that, in the open, the microbe is practically powerless; the danger lies in the dark ill-ventilated houses. The majority of the houses occupied by the poorer classes of people in an average native city are built largely of mud. Even if sun-dried bricks are used—and these are a luxury not always to be afforded—they are set, not in mortar, but in mud. The floors are of mud, plastered over with a solution of cowdung and water, a preparation of peculiar purity in the eyes of the cow-worshipping Hindu, but regarded by the medical faculty as a forcing-bed of great fecundity for microbes. In nine cases out of ten the only light that is admitted comes through the doorway, when open, and the same may be said of air. The free circulation of the latter is much impeded at the best of times by the thrift of the native, which regards as wasted any plot of ground that does not pay its way. If a Buniah has an open space at the back of his house large enough to carry a mud hut, and the mud hut, when built, can be let for a rupee a month, the Buniah is not likely to let so much good money escape him, the neglect would be criminal. So the hut is built and occupied by a family of half a dozen persons, and the supply of oxygen, not over abundant before, must now be proportionately subdivided.

The obvious method, then, of dealing with an epidemic of plague, when the season renders it possible, is to turn the people out of their houses into the open country.

From the beginning of March to the middle of June on

the Central Plateau of India, given a shelter from the sun, a grass roof, or the shade of a thick tree, out-of-door life for a native leaves nothing to be desired. The ground is hard and dry, the air is pure, and the problem of living involves no struggle. You have only to exist.

Accordingly, when the plague broke out in April, the population of the city dissolved into the open country, and enjoyed immunity under the trees. The microbe was baulked of his victims for the moment, but, like a cunning beast of prey, crept into covert, under the cowdung floors, and waited.

A liberal use of disinfectants when the houses were empty might have stopped the mischief, but it is impossible to make the native look forward or take even the most obvious precautions until he is panic-stricken. "*Go hoga, so hoga*": "What is written upon the forehead, that will be," "If it is the will of God," and so on. These are his confidence.

With the advent of the rains at the end of June the al-fresco life under the trees came to an end. After the first burst of the monsoon the ground, which in these parts is deep black soil, becomes a veritable quagmire: the grass thatch, which afforded ample protection against the sun, cannot resist the rain for more than a day, and the shelter of a tree is, of course, no shelter at all; the whole atmosphere reeks with damp, and out-door life becomes an impossibility.

The people huddled back into their houses; they shut the doors to keep out the rain, excluding at the same time light and air. The damp rose through the mud floors, and the microbe knew that the time of waiting was over. Like Death in "*Paradise Lost*," he knew that presently his maw should be filled.

The houses had not been occupied a fortnight before the epidemic broke out again with a virulence that defied all attempts to combat it.

There is practically no power of dealing with plague at all among the people of India, when it has established itself under conditions which herd them together like rabbits in a warren.

For the disease itself, when it has once attacked its victim, there is no cure; like enteric, it must run its course; a great deal can be done by nursing and keeping up the strength of the patient, but actual remedy there is none. All that doctors can possibly do is, by sanitary precautions, inoculation, and prophylactic measures generally, to limit the incidence of the disease. And in this direction, where they can really be of use, they are met at the outset by a blank wall of ignorance, prejudice, and apathy. What are you to do with a people who imagine that, if you try to let a little light into their houses, you are insidiously aiming at the destruction of domestic privacy, and if you ask to inoculate them, that you are an agent of Government to keep down the population by poisoning the superfluous thousands?

And it is not merely their ignorance and prejudice that you have to wrestle with: there is also that curious attitude of mind, irresponsible and inconsequential, which is incapable of referring effects to their causes, and holds the "will of God" answerable for every undesirable consequence that attends man's silliest actions.

Incredible as it may seem, it is nevertheless true that the father of a family, with wife and children dependent upon him, will go to visit a brother or cousin suffering with plague, and will even get into bed with him, and embrace him, by way of cheering him up, and then go straight home, as he is, to his wife and children, shut himself up in the house with them for the night, and ascribe it to Kismet, or to the "will of God" when plague breaks out in the family two days after.

This, I believe, is how the disease, in spite of all precautions, found its way into my own compound. The bungalows of English residents are situated some way outside the Bazar, my own farthest of all, quite in the open country, where it seemed, if anywhere, that immunity from contagion might be expected. For some time past the servants had been strictly forbidden to go into any house in the Bazar, or permit any one from outside to enter theirs, and arrangements had been made for supplying

them with the necessities of life; but one of the syces, it afterwards appeared, had been unable to resist the temptation of slipping away to a funeral feast, and two or three mornings later came the news that one of his children had died of high fever in the night, that another was suffering, and that the *chowkidar*, or domestic policeman, who lived in the adjoining house, had fever also. A hospital assistant, hastily summoned, pronounced the case of the dead child suspicious, and the *chowkidar* to be undoubtedly suffering from plague. The body of the child was carried outside and burnt, and the *chowkidar* removed at once to the plague hospital; but the mischief was done, the disease had established a footing. Servants' houses in India are built in one block, each so-called house being really a single room, or compartment, separated from the rest by a partition-wall, which, in some cases, does not reach as high as the roof. It will be readily understood that, under such conditions, it was practically impossible to stop infection, which had gained two or three days' start. The rooms on either side were vacated, but the rats, of which there are always a certain number in servants' houses, were still free to travel over the whole building and scatter germs broadcast. There is no agent so active in distributing plague as the rat, which is peculiarly susceptible to the disease itself, and dying in holes under the floors and elsewhere, is as mischievous in death as in life. However, disinfectants were pumped over the walls, bonfires were lighted on the floors, every rag, blanket, bed, every bit of clothing, every article, in short, that could harbour a germ was consigned to the flames; the roofs of the vacated houses were uncovered, and a few tiles, for the sake of ventilation, removed from those which were still occupied; but it was impossible to do this to any great extent, for the rain came through, making puddles on the floors, and the native, till he reaches the stage of panic, prefers to face the off chance of disease to the present certainty of discomfort, so they probably replaced the tiles under cover of darkness, and made themselves snug for the night, themselves, their wives and

their children, not omitting the microbe; and night is the microbe's opportunity. Every day brought its fresh case or cases, and the end was never in sight, for an average establishment of servants in India, with their wives and children, and sometimes an old father or mother who lurks in the background when the Sahib is about, amounts to quite forty souls, and as many bodies, and the bodies are the trouble.

How one dreaded the early morning with its revelation of what the night had brought forth! To have waked up to bright sunshine would have been some fortification for the day's troubles, but the first glance out of doors reveals the same uncompromising sky, the same downpour of rain. It is past six o'clock; why does not Lal Khan bring the tea? He is always punctual: perhaps the cows have not been milked, perhaps—but conjecture withers away under the blighting touch of conviction. There can be only one answer. The door opens and the dressing-boy comes in with the tray which it is not his function to bring. "Where is Lal Khan?" It is hoping against hope. The answer is written in his face. "Lal Khan," he says, "has fever; his health is a little bad." "Any one else?" He does not know, he has been making the tea. You get out of bed and dress, trying hard to look cheerful for example's sake.

The sweeper is waiting on the verandah. His wife's health is not perfect, fever came to her in the night. It does not seem to trouble him much. Women do not count for a great deal among the lower classes in India, but it means for me another case to be dealt with, and another risk of spreading infection, for the sweeper's work brings him into the house.

It is quite a relief when my horse comes round in charge of his own syce, an old servant who has been with me many years. He, at least, is all right so far. I get into the saddle, and return with the promise of an early visit from the doctor, who arrives soon after. Yes, Lal Khan is a clear case of plague, and the sweeper's wife is suspicious: they must both be isolated, or sent to the plague hospital. The plague

hospital is a temporary erection of sheds, hastily run up, and enlarged from time to time, as opportunity offers, to meet the ever-increasing necessity for accommodation. The roofs are not in all cases watertight, and the ground is a sea of mud. The hospital assistants do their best, but the staff is necessarily inadequate, and anything like nursing is altogether out of the question. It is the best that can be looked for under the circumstances, but it is not attractive, and servants, who at any time have a rooted prejudice against going to hospital, will not stay there if they can help it. If they are not too ill to move, they will steal away at night, with the disease upon them, to some relation in the Bazar, or even find their way back to your compound, and sleep in the very houses which have just been disinfected. The other alternative is isolation, but present weather conditions make this a matter of increasing difficulty. I have got four small tents, but nowhere to pitch them. The compound is ankle-deep in water, a veritable bog. Eventually I put them on the carriage-drive. The roadway is under water, but it is drier than the grass, and the water will run under the beds there instead of over them. And the evening and the morning are the sixth day.

The evenings are bad enough, but the mornings are worse. In the evening there is a vague hope that the morning may usher in a change of weather, but morning after morning brings the deferring of hope that makes the heart sick: the same cheerless sky, the same constant rain, the same tale of fresh cases, and the growing impossibility of dealing with them.

It is not an uncommon sight to see a man staggering about as if he were drunk. There was a syce, for instance, this morning: he came round the corner of the building supporting himself with one hand against the wall, and eventually collapsed on to the ground in a state of coma. The resources of isolation being exhausted, he must go to the hospital, so a messenger was sent into the Bazar for a bullock cart. After three hours he returned to say that the Bazar was deserted,

and there was no bullock cart to be had, so a stretcher had to be improvised, and two of the garden coolies, their clothes liberally sprinkled with disinfectants, carried the patient away to the hospital. In the comatose state he will not find his way back. It is difficult under the circumstances to avoid growing callous: perhaps, after all, it is best that one should.

As I said just now, the Bazar is a desert. The people from the surrounding villages no longer come in to buy and sell. There is no one to buy from or sell to. Every one who can afford to flee has fled. Government, which in the early days of plague organised strict measures of medical inspection and quarantine along the line of the railroads for all persons coming from infected districts, has now, in deference to popular discontent, abandoned all restrictions, and the population of a plague-stricken area is free to spread itself all over the country, the measure of the distance of their flight being the possession of means to pay for a railway ticket. The first to escape from here were the Buniahs and Borahs, these being the Hindu and Mussulman traders of the town—the grocers, the chandlers, and general dealers of the community. As a consequence of this exodus, all trade has come to a standstill. There is one Buniah who, from his retreat in a neighbouring village, comes in one day a week, for two hours or so, to sell grain, but it is doubtful how long he will continue to do this, and when he fails the food problem may become acute.

When once the native has abandoned the fatalist attitude, the transition from apathy to panic is rapid and not altogether undesirable. They are beginning now to realise that sanitary precautions may possibly be of some value; that it may perhaps not be running counter to the decrees of Providence to observe the elementary rules of hygiene, that fresh air is wholesome, and that persons who have been inoculated are less liable to the scourge than those who have not. In fact, this latter method of obtaining immunity has become so popular that at the present time the doctors have as many applicants as they can attend to.

The foregoing pages, which up to this point have been something in the nature of a diary, written with a running commentary, under the stress of daily difficulties, deal with the period when the plague first became acute. These last few lines are a postscript, and bear date some four weeks later, the interval having been spent by the writer in making personal acquaintance with the disease. Englishmen, as a rule, for some reason or other, appear to enjoy comparative immunity. Even those who, though handling patients and directing disinfecting operations, have been most exposed to it, have escaped, but there are occasional exceptions.

The plague in the Bazar has now practically come to an end, there being hardly any one left to have it; but in the native city it is still raging. There is no power of dealing with it; there is grave difficulty even in disposing of the dead bodies, but it will work itself out eventually, we hope, like all epidemics, and in the meantime the sun has reappeared to cheer us.

In writing of a time of exceptional stress there is often a tendency to exaggerate, and the writer's personal troubles have perhaps unwittingly been made to loom larger than they will do, in retrospect, some years hence, when they have found their proper perspective; but the power, the deadliness, and the virulence of a plague epidemic under the climatic conditions which I have attempted to describe it is impossible to exaggerate. Among all the agencies of death and destruction, plague towers a giant, grim, untiring, malignant, a giant whose grip is destruction, whose lightest touch dangles you over the brink of the Inferno.

E. C. CHOLMONDELEY.

A

A COLONIST IN HIS GARDEN

He Reads a Letter.

“**D**IM grows your face, and in my ears,
Filled with the tramp of hurrying years,
Your voice dies, far apart.
Our shortening day draws in, alack !
Old Friend, ere darkness falls, turn back
To England, life and art.

“ Write not that you content can be,
Pent by that drear and shipless sea
Round lonely islands rolled,
Isles nigh as empty as their deep,
Where men but talk of gold and sheep
And think of sheep and gold.

“ A land without a past ; a race
Set in the rut of commonplace ;
Where Demos overfed
Allows no gulf, permits no height ;
And grace and colour, music, light,
From sturdy scorn are fled.

“ I'll draw you home. Lo ! As I write
A flash—a swallow's arrow-flight !
O'erhead the skylark's wings

Quiver with joy at winter's rout :
A gust of April from without
Scents of the garden brings.

"The quickening turf is starred with gold ;
The orchard wall, rust-red and old,
Glow in the sunlight long.
The very yew-tree warms to-day,
As the sundial, mossed and gray,
Marks with a shadow strong.

"Tired of the bold aggressive New,
Say, will your eyes not joy to view,
In a sedater clime,
How mellowing tones at leisure steal,
And age hath virtue scars to heal,
And beauty weds gray Time?"

He Speaks.

Good wizard ! Thus he weaves his spell.
Yet, charm he twenty times as well,
Me shall he never spur,
To seek again the old, green land,
That seems from far to stretch a hand
To sons who dream of her.

For is my England there ? Ah, no.
Gone is my England, long ago,
Leaving me tender joys,
Sweet, fragrant happy-breathing names
Of wrinkled men and grey-haired dames,
To me still girls and boys.

With these in youth let memory stray
In pleasance green, where stern to-day
 Works Fancy no mischance.
Dear pleasance—let no light invade
Revealing ravage Time hath made
 Amid thy dim romance !

Here am I rooted. Firm and fast
We men take root who face the blast,
 When, to the desert come,
We stand were none before have stood
And braving tempest, drought and flood,
 Fight Nature for a home.

Now, when the fight is o'er, what man
What wrestler, who in manhood's span
 Hath won so stern a fall,
Who, matched against the desert's power,
Hath made the wilderness to flower,
 Can turn, forsaking all ?

Yet that my heart to England cleaves
This garden tells with blooms and leaves
 In old familiar throng,
And smells, sweet English, every one,
And English turf to tread upon,
 And English blackbird's song.

“ No art ? ” Who serve an art more great
Than we, rough architects of State
 With the old Earth at strife ?
“ No colour ? ” On the silent waste
In pigments not to be effaced,
 We paint the hues of life.

"A land without a past?" Nay, nay.
I saw it, forty years this day,
—Nor man, nor beast, nor tree,
Wide, empty plains where shadows pass
Blown by the wind o'er whispering grass
Whose sigh crept after me.

Now when at midnight round my doors
The gale through sheltering branches roars,
What is it to the might
Of the mad gorge-wind that o'erthrew
My camp,—the first I pitched—and blew
Our tents into the night?

Mine is the vista where the blue
And white-capped mountains close the view.
Each tapering cypress there
At planting in these hands was borne,
Small, shivering seedlings and forlorn,
When all the plain was bare!

Skies without music, mute through time,
Now hear the skylark's rippling climb
Challenge their loftier dome.
And hark! A song of gardens floats,
Rills, gushes clear,—the self-same notes
Your thrushes flute at Home.

See, I have poured o'er plain and hill
Gold open-handed, wealth that will
Win children's children's smiles,
—Autumnal glories, glowing leaves,
And aureate flowers, and warmth of sheaves,
Mid weary pastoral miles.

Yonder my poplars, burning gold,
Flare in tall rows of torches bold,
 Spire beyond kindling spire.
Then raining gold round silver stem
Soft birches gleam. Outflaming them
 My oaks take ruddier fire.

And with my flowers about her spread
(None brighter than her shining head),
 The lady of my close,
My daughter, walks in girlhood fair.
Friend, could I rear in England's air
 A sweeter English rose ?

W. P. REEVES.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY

THE school of English historians has suffered many serious losses in recent years. Death has dealt heavily both with the actual writers of history and with the leaders of historical learning. Ten years ago Froude and Lecky, Stubbs and Creighton, Gardiner and Acton were alive and working, and at the zenith of their reputations, if not in all cases of their powers. Setting aside the first-named, their removal was sudden and almost simultaneous. Four of them died almost within the same twelve months. It is obvious that no department of study could suffer such serious losses without being sensibly weakened; and it is not too much to say that historical learning in the three kingdoms has been left for the present without a head.

It is never legitimate to compare the performances of living writers with those of the dead. Apart from all personal objections, there is the grand difficulty that the comparison must be between finished and unfinished work, between acknowledged fame and reputation still in the making. Yet it will not be taken for disparagement of the immense activity which is now being displayed in the realm of historical inquiry if it is asserted that none of the great names just referred to can be matched among the existing school of writers and workers. Neither Froude, for his perfection of style and instinctive grasp of the essential; Lecky, for the massive dignity of his work and his genius for historical vignettes;

Stubbs, for his singular mastery over his materials, and the skill with which he could extract the pith and marrow of the most unpromising materials; Creighton, for his judiciousness and the freshness of his ideas; Gardiner, for the orderly march of his sober narrative, maintained at a singularly even level through a life's task; nor Lord Acton, for the encyclopædic range of his colossal learning, has any rival in his kind among contemporary historians. No doubt we shall not have long to wait for successors to these eminent men whom all will acknowledge to be worthy. There are some that could be named whose general historical equipment is ample, varied and profound, and many whose special intimacy with particular periods is marvellously minute. But for the moment history in this country appears to be in the hands of professors of history rather than of historians. There is a considerable difference between the two classes, and already there are indications that this accident may have results which cannot be entirely satisfactory. Inasmuch as with the great names just cited, the honourable succession of English historians of the nineteenth century may fairly be said to have closed, the occasion seems appropriate for a brief survey of the present trend of historical learning in Great Britain, and an estimate of the nature of the developments which appear likely to flow from it in the near future.

The objects which the existing directors of historical study in England have set before themselves can hardly find clearer or more deliberate expression than they have recently received at the hands of one who, alike in virtue of his indisputable learning and of his official position, speaks at once with authority and responsibility. In his inaugural lecture on "The Science of History," the Regius Professor of History at Cambridge was at pains to emphasise the full extent of the transformation which has latterly been effected in the nature, objects and methods of historical study. "History is a science, no less and no more." Such is the doctrine which the successor of Lord Acton in the Chair of

History expounded last year before the University. It is true that the doctrine is not entirely new. From the same pulpit Lord Acton had himself preached, some seven or eight years earlier, from the same text. In one of the very few fragments of historical literature which remains to attest the possibilities which were paralysed by the weight of its author's encyclopædic information, the projector of the Cambridge history unfolded his ideal of his office in an address which marked an epoch in historical study in England. But the disciple has outrun the master. Whereas Lord Acton was content to enforce the teaching of Ranke, to insist that "history must be critical, must be colourless, must be new," and to expatiate on "the dogma of impartiality," Professor Bury is by no means satisfied to stop there. "The transformation of the idea of history, which is being gradually accomplished," has, in his view, been greatly accelerated in the last seven years. So much so, that he has deemed it incumbent upon him, at his entrance on his important functions, to define his attitude towards the process. Let us see how he does it, and note the extravagant enthusiasm with which he records the progress which has been made towards that emancipation of history from historians, that development of learning at the expense of writing, which his predecessor predicted, it is to be feared quite accurately, must be the outcome of the present documentary age. That no injustice may be done to the professor's argument it will be stated, as far as possible, in the professor's own words.

Dr. Bury begins by deploring the fact that the view of history for which he contends is not yet universally or unreservedly acknowledged. It is only within three short generations that history has begun to forsake her old irresponsible ways, and to enter into her kingdom. Students of history are still confused, embarrassed and diverted by her old traditions and associations. Much has indeed been accomplished. The revolution is slowly and silently progressing. History has really been enthroned and ensphered among the

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sciences. But the particular nature of her influence, her time-honoured association with literature, and other circumstances, have acted as a sort of vague cloud, half concealing from men's eyes her new position in the heavens. All this leads up to the statement which, though stated only to be interpolated as a parenthesis not yet superfluous, is really one of the main propositions of the lecture, that "history is not a branch of literature." Professor Bury admits, indeed, though with an accent of scarce concealed regret, that the facts of history can supply material for literary art. "But," he urges, in a similitude surely a little on the hither side of eulogy of the work of his distinguished Cambridge colleague and compatriot, Sir Robert Ball, "to clothe the story of a human society in a literary dress is no more the business of a historian as a historian than it is the part of an astronomer as an astronomer to present in an artistic shape the story of the stars." Such is the doctrine expounded to the university of Macaulay by the editor of Gibbon.

But there is a positive as well as a negative side to the professor's philosophy of history. Having demolished the claims of history to be regarded in any wise as literature or as an art, and having denounced the mistaken conception which all the pre-nineteenth century historians, both ancient and modern, have had of their functions, Professor Bury proceeded to the constructive portion of his task, and enumerated for the benefit of his audience some of the fundamental formulæ of the science of history. They come, of course, like some other unlovely things, from Germany. The massive historians of the eighteenth century in France and Italy did indeed, it is admitted, produce works of permanent value. But theirs was the criticism of sheer learning. "Erudition has now been supplemented by scientific methods, and we owe the change to Germany." More especially we owe it to the author of the "Prolegomena to Homer," a work which gave the historians that idea of a systematic and minute method of analysing their sources, which soon developed into "the microscopic criticism now recognised as indispensable."

But microscopic criticism would not have sufficed of itself. "A right notion of the bearing of history on affairs could not be formed or formulated until men had grasped the great transforming conception which enables history to define her scope, the idea of human development." It is this which has brought history into line with other sciences, and, potentially at least, has delivered her from the political and ethical encumbrances which continued to impede her, even after the introduction of scientific methods. That is why, according to Professor Bury, the last century is as important in the annals of historical studies as the fifth century B.C. It marks a "stage in the growth of man's self-consciousness. More than two thousand years after the birth of Herodotus the 'sons of flesh' have grasped the notion of their upward development through immense cycles of time. This idea has recreated history." The clear realisation of the fact that our conception of the past is itself a distinct factor in guiding and moulding our evolution, and must become a factor of greater and increasing potency, marks a new stage in the growth of the human mind. "And it supplies us with the true theory of the practical importance of history."

Finally, Professor Bury concludes what is anything but a fairy tale of science by bidding us contemplate the long results of time. It follows from the adoption of the theory of evolution as the basis of historical teaching, that a science of history "cannot safely be controlled or guided by a subjective interest." Its concern is with the future as much as with the past. We must think more of "the question of oecumenical history" than of those centuries of development which we have got into the bad habit of thinking as of unique and predominant importance. We are bidden not to regard "the series of what *we* call ancient and mediæval history as leading up to the modern age and the twentieth century, but to consider the whole sequence up to the present moment as probably no more than the beginning of a social and psychical development, whereof the end is withdrawn from our view by

countless millenniums to come." It is in the idea of the future development of man that we are to find not only a controlling idea for determining our historical perspective, but the justification of much of the laborious work that is being done to-day. The historical labours of man for many a century to come must be regarded as "the ministrations of a novitiate." "For a long time to come one of the chief services that research can perform is to help to build, firm and solid, some of the countless stairs by which men of distant ages may mount to a height unattainable by us, and have a vision of history which we cannot win standing on the lower slopes." But the novice is bidden to seek consolation in his apparently abortive ministrations in the faith that "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history will tell in the end."

This summary of Professor Bury's lecture is no travesty of his opinions. It is a literal reproduction of the most salient passages in his argument. What are we to say to it all? Is this really the ideal—if the professor will allow that science can have anything to do with ideals—which ought to be formed for history, and should guide the studies of the new school of historical inquiry which has been formed at Cambridge? May we no longer place History, in Landor's words, "on her rightful throne, and at the sides of her Eloquence and War"; and must we depose her at the bidding of this scientific iconoclast who was but lately—it is odd to remember—a Regius Professor of Greek? Has the Muse of History become so wanton a wench that all commerce with her must henceforth be broken off? Or, if we may still keep a bowing acquaintance with her, may Clio only be flirted with in the guise of a blue-stocking? Are we really to admit that history lies as often as she charms, and that the methods of Gibbon or of Macaulay, to travel no further back, are obsolete for the purposes of history in the present and all future centuries? It is time that these questions were asked, and time that they were answered, before that ideal of history that has been formed and held for above two thousand years is buried beneath the

masses of amorphous learning which are being accumulated by the busy navvies of research.

For Professor Bury is not alone in his opinions. No one, in England at least, has carried out to their conclusion with such rigid logic as he the principles for which he contends, and no one, therefore, has so quickly reached the *reductio ad absurdum* of scientific history involved in the pæan of historical evolution cited a moment ago. But it has to be admitted that his doctrine has received countenance from some among the eminent men already referred to. Lord Acton before him had declared from the same chair that "the law of continuous growth has transformed history from a chronicle of casual occurrences." He had announced, as we have seen, that the advent of the documentary age has made history independent of historians; a doctrine he has expressed in another form, in his Letters to Miss Mary Gladstone, in the saying that it is puerile to write modern history from printed books. But Lord Acton, though perhaps the greatest historical scholar of the nineteenth century, unfortunately carried his dread of what has been stigmatised as the danger of sacrificing truth to accomplishment to the point of accomplishing nothing, and enforced his proposition that learning is being developed at the expense of writing by becoming the first historian who has written no history. Never was there a more melancholy memorial to a man of great attainment than the bibliography of Lord Acton's writings lately published by the Royal Historical Society. It fills twenty octavo pages, and enumerates some hundreds of contributions to historical discussion. But it contains no single item of greater dimensions than a lecture or a review.

It is therefore of more importance, with all deference to the memory of a great name, and the inspiration of a great example, to consider the precepts of less fastidious, if less learned, authorities. And it has to be admitted, in Professor Bury's favour, that Bishop Creighton, whose performance was greater than Lord Acton's in about the proportion in

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which both his learning and his leisure were less, not only considered that the historian is in danger of being transformed from a man of letters into a compiler of an encyclopædia, but committed himself to the aphorism that "in proportion as history is picturesque it is not really history." Nobody has yet announced that history is only history when nobody but an historical specialist will read it, and the dogma of impartiality has not yet been followed by the express promulgation on pontifical authority of the dogma of necessary dulness. But when the announcement of that doctrine is made as a fundamental postulate of the science of history no one will have any right to be surprised.

No student who has sought to till the smallest corner of the vast field of history is likely to be ungrateful for the services which have been rendered to his favourite study by the pioneers of modern research. Our gratitude may not take quite the form given to the thanksgiving of the Christchurch man, of whom Bolingbroke reports that he was overheard in his closet "acknowledging the divine goodness in furnishing the world with makers of dictionaries." But we are, none of us, unmindful of the blessings we owe to Sir Leslie Stephen, Mr. Sidney Lee, and the laborious compilers of the "Dictionary of National Biography." No one who attempts the smallest historical task can fail to make perpetual use of this and similar monuments of co-operative industry. The immense accumulation of fresh knowledge, the impossibility of keeping abreast of the additions to learning in more than one department, the multifarious requirements, as Bishop Creighton put it, with which the historian has to struggle as best he may—these difficulties of the documentary age are the abundant justification of such an exercise in co-operative history as the great storehouse of information which Lord Acton planned, and which his disciples are building in the new "Cambridge History." It is precisely because "a complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history" is impossible of attainment even in the narrowest fields of research, that colossal

undertakings of this sort—they are not to be called books—are greedily welcomed by students. But of what service are such works, designed to guide, relieve and shorten the labour of investigation, if every student is to be regarded as no more than an insect laboriously adding his atom of fresh fact to some coral reef of knowledge which has yet to emerge above the level of the vast ocean of unserviceable learning? If history is to be of any present use in the world, if it is really to enlarge men's views of man and of society, if it is to aid us to discover and to estimate the ideas upon which the continuity of national life is founded, and the principles on which that life can be best developed, it is impossible that it should be effectively or fruitfully pursued in this way. It is futile, no doubt, to cite the views of an historian who was also a man of letters to the zealots of research, yet the votaries of "the microscopic criticism which is now recognised as indispensable" will be none the worse for being reminded that "a history in which every particular incident may be true may yet on the whole be false." Nor is the statement that, if history were written on the microscopic principle, "the Bodleian library would not contain the occurrences of a week," a peculiarly glaring instance of Macaulay's tendency to rhetorical exaggeration.

To say this is not to disparage the value of research or to deny that in a large measure the old ideal of history was narrow and needed to be transformed. Not merely was the older view of history what Professor Bury calls "the politico-ethical theory" narrow in its range, it was liable to be grossly mistaken in its teaching. The school which conceived of history as a guide for conduct, a collection of precepts and maxims derived from actual historical experience, necessarily bestowed an altogether disproportionate degree of their attention on merely political history, on treaties and battles and personages, on the outward symbols of great movements and currents of opinion, the inner significance of which they scarcely sought to understand. It is perfectly true that they

were apt to concern themselves too much with the characters of individuals and too little with the life of communities. In the eighteenth century it was still possible for the author of the definition of history as philosophy teaching by examples—a man of letters who had been a statesman—to conceive a plan for a general history of modern Europe in which the Reformation was omitted from the catalogue of events by which he illustrated the importance of the sixteenth century. Yet Bolingbroke had got hold of the root of the matter when he justified the importance of the space assigned to individuals in history on the ground that “man is the subject of every history.” And for the historian who is apt to lose himself in the maze of facts and the mass of documents this metaphor, employed by the same writer, is not without its warning. “When works of importance are pressing, generals themselves may take up the pick-axe and spade; but in the ordinary course of things, when that present necessity is over, such tools are left in the hands destined to use them, the hands of common soldiers and peasants.” To say this is not by any means to minimise the illuminating value of what Lord Acton called “implacable research,” or to forget that, as Bishop Stubbs so admirably put it, “to a certain extent every one who would do anything must be his own dryasdust.”

If so much must be urged by way of caution against the dangers of too continuous immersion in research, it is not less necessary to observe that even the great dogma of impartiality is not always correctly interpreted by the faithful. It is true, and no one is likely to deny it, that the elder school were apt to be the slaves of their individual prejudices; that, in Lord Acton's phrase, the strongest and most impressive personalities project their own broad shadow on their pages; that they were too much taken up with the bearing of politics upon history or of history upon politics; and that, as has lately been remarked of Macaulay, “he wrote too much as though the whole history of England was a preface to the Act

of Catholic Emancipation and the first Reform Act." Even so it remains equally true that "a great man may be worth several immaculate historians." And has not the impersonal method its own sufficiently serious dangers? The functions of a historian are certainly not limited to the exact ascertainment of historical facts, any more than they are limited to the registering of the crimes, the follies, and the misfortunes of mankind. It is equally his business to guide the opinions of those who read history, and so to write it that it may be read. In doing so a tireless industry in ascertaining facts, a scrupulous accuracy in stating them, and a balanced judgment in weighing their importance are indeed the first essentials. But is there any reason why the results of industry and zeal should be largely wasted for want of attractiveness in their presentation? Why is the writer of history to be warned against the attempt to give a literary form, according to the measure of his abilities, to the outcome of his inquiries? If the whole workshop of historical research is not to become a vast lumber-room, it is time that some at least among the leaders of English historical learning should recognise the saving grace of style as the great antiseptic not only of literature but of history. In the vast competition and multiplication of modern books, and especially in dealing with a tangled, obscure and, for the most part, unpopular subject like history, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the transcendent importance of giving form and colour to the representation of history so far as the subject and the truth permits. The art of condensation, of omitting mere conventional phraseology, of selecting appropriate epithets for striking incidents, and of arranging skilfully the sequence of a narrative, is indeed only acquired slowly by great pains and assiduous study of the best models. As often as not even such pains and such study may be in vain. But their importance in making a book readable and in giving it a character of permanence cannot be exaggerated. History which cannot be made readable had better not be written. Of course there are dangers in this direction, which have been illustrated by some

of the greatest masters of style. When Macaulay embarked upon his great work with the determination to "produce something which shall for a few days supersede the last fashionable novel on the tables of young ladies," it can hardly be contended that he was inspired by a sufficiently lofty conception of the dignity of history. Yet it may be doubted whether it was not more animating, as it was certainly more intelligible, than the modern Cambridge ideal of providing a vision of history for the edification of the world's inhabitants after the lapse of "countless millenniums."

But style, though it is the great antiseptic, is not the only one. There is another which every student who has the wish to be fair, may hope to train himself to use. It is the quality of intellectual detachment, the faculty of discarding native prepossessions, of trying innate prejudices by the touchstone of principle, and of submitting every historical problem to the same test. In this sense every student will accept the dogma of impartiality. But if the dogma of impartiality means that a historian is not to have, or at least is not to indicate, an opinion of his own, it is time to renounce it. The true analogy to the functions of a historian is the charge of a judge to a jury. It is his business to sift and weigh the evidence, to disentangle complexities, to represent in clear sequence all the essential facts from the point of view of both sides. But it is not less his function to give, without imposing, his own view of the facts. The jury which has all the facts, and is the ultimate arbiter, may accept or reject his view. But without it the jejune recital of pros and cons becomes wearisome and gives no guidance. One cannot but recognise a measure of truth in a judicial dictum which may be commended to Mr. Justice Darling for the next edition of "*Scintillæ Juris*": "Nothing is so misleading as a 'fair' charge."

It may be urged perhaps that these considerations are beside the mark; that the teaching which is demurred to here is a method of historical study intended to apply

only to the obscure researches of humble students, and is not intended to limit the working of genius, or the greater enterprises of competent historians. But the objection is not valid. The new teaching is a bed of Procrustes in which the tallest must conform to the stature of the shortest. It recognises no genius save a genius for taking pains. The historian with a marked faculty for picturesque description must be as prosaic as the dullest member of his craft. For if he should indulge his talent by attempting to tell a story, he is in peril of being branded a story-teller in another sense. The very attempt to achieve tasks of the magnitude of Mr. Lecky's "History of England in the Eighteenth Century," not to speak of so magnificent an enterprise as Gibbon's, is deprecated on the ground that the multiplicity of topics which ought to be embraced is too great for the compass of a single mind. The steady piling up of the complete assemblage of the smallest facts of human history must be the sole business alike of the great and the small.

What is to be the outcome of the teaching which is thus being persistently and pragmatically preached? When we have attained to the great desideratum of history without historians who will be the better for it? by how much will the world be the wiser? History will not, of course, be a more effective guide of conduct, a richer school of experience, a more excellent exemplar of practical lessons, since that old conception of it is entirely exploded. But will it be anything better? Will some Walpole of Professor Bury's ultimate millennium, impressed by the assemblage of the smallest facts of human history, retract the famous epigram, "Anything but history, history must be false?" Or will this conversion of history from literature to a blue-book rebut the libel that it is no better than an old almanac?

C. LITTON FALKINER.

FONTENELLE

“**H**ABENT sua fata libelli.” Why is it that so many really good books, far better worth reading than most of what issues daily from the press, are so neglected, and answer to the caustic definition of a standard work—one that stands upon the shelf? It is not merely that there are tides in literature, that tastes alter, and the fashion of one age is not the fashion of another; nor is it only because the essence of former productions has passed into later knowledge, has become a part of modern thought, and supersedes the necessity for the study of originals. In historical and scientific studies such a plea may be valid. Few authors, indeed, are sufficiently monumental to escape that process. Is it not rather owing to the deliberate preference for what is new simply because it is new, apart from any other merit? We need not go so far as to say with Samuel Rogers, “Whenever a new book comes out I read an old one.” The flooding of the book market in one particular direction has aggravated this tendency. It is to be feared there is some truth in the remark that has been made that, to very many people in London, Literature is now synonymous with Fiction—a class of writing the annual circulation of which, if regard be had only to the most popular volumes, must be reckoned by millions, while the gross total is far larger. This devotion to novel-reading to the exclusion of everything else must have a debilitating influence. One solid or more serious author and

one piece of light reading we should always have on hand. The late Master of Balliol, the last person in the world to confine the range of study to one or two subjects, used to declare that "there is time enough to read all the books worth reading, if you can only get the *mind* for it."

The great masterpieces of literature, whether in our own or in a foreign language, are in danger of being crowded out by the prevailing habit of unsystematic, indiscriminate reading, which treats one book as if it were as good as another, and surrenders itself helplessly to what is vapid and ephemeral, if not positively objectionable and injurious. How pathetic is the undisturbed repose in our libraries of the good old French classics of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, and from what a storehouse of delight do we debar ourselves! How many persons are there who read Molière, Racine, Corneille, Pascal, Madame de Sévigné, though they may read *about* them?

And if this be the case with those brilliant luminaries of the Augustan age of Louis XIV., much more will it be true of such an author as the subject of this paper. For it may be admitted at once that in that galaxy of men of letters Fontenelle is a star of the second magnitude. Many of his works are no doubt now unreadable and obsolete. In our own country he has hardly received the attention he deserves in the way of editing or translation; but we believe that a very readable and attractive volume could be formed containing, with his "Life of Corneille," some of his best and most characteristic pieces. Voltaire does not overpraise him when he compares the variety and universality of Fontenelle's knowledge to countries so happily situated as to produce every kind of fruit.

In none of the many subjects that he dealt with did he reach the highest rank. As a poet, in his tragedies, his operas, and his pastorals, he is too artificial, and shows neither *verve* nor imagination, though it is only doing justice to him to remember that his appearance in this character was brief and

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was mainly confined to his youth. As a critic he is ingenious and subtle, but cold, and in his earlier writings somewhat open to the charge of affectation and extravagance; as when, in his "Discourse on the Tragedians," he denies the existence of either subject or plot to "Prometheus," and speaks of Æschylus as a kind of madman—language which made it impossible for Diderot to include that treatise in the *Encyclopædia*.

In the region of Science, which he did so much to disseminate and expound, he contributed nothing original, though he stands, as Voltaire said, without question above all the *savants* who have not had the gift of invention. Nevertheless, he may claim to be regarded as the best representative of French literature in his day, as the typical example of the writer of *belles lettres*, and that at a period when the standard of literary excellence was very high, a standard which Fontenelle himself did much to raise. His "Éloges des Académiciens de l'Académie Royale des Sciences" has been called one of the best books in the language. He was the first to deliver the *éloges* in French instead of in Latin. They are models of simplicity, impartiality, and discrimination. In all they amount to sixty-nine, and they include such great names as Leibnitz, Newton, Malebranche, Vauban, Peter the Czar, and they fill two volumes of Fontenelle's works. The following comparison between Descartes and Newton, in the *éloge* on the latter, is a good illustration both of Fontenelle's style and of this felicitous blending of memoirs and criticism:

Les deux grands hommes qui se trouvent dans une si grande opposition ont eu de grands rapports. Tous deux ont été des génies du premier ordre, nés pour dominer sur les autres esprits et pour fonder des empires. Tous deux, géomètres excellents, ont vu la nécessité de transporter la géométrie dans la physique. Tous deux ont fondé leur physique sur une géométrie qu'ils ne tenaient presque que de leurs propres lumières. Mais l'un, prenant un vol hardi, a voulu se placer à la source de tout, se rendre maître des premiers principes par quelques idées claires et fondamentales, pour n'avoir plus qu'à descendre aux phénomènes de la nature comme à des conséquences nécess-

naires; l'autre, plus timide ou plus modeste, a commencé sa marche par s'appuyer sur les phénomènes pour remonter aux principes inconnus, résolu de les admettre, quels que les pût donner l'enchaînement des conséquences. L'un part de ce qu'il entend nettement pour trouver la cause de ce qu'il voit. L'autre part de ce qu'il voit pour en trouver la cause, soit claire, soit obscure. Les principes évidents de l'un ne le conduisent pas toujours aux phénomènes tels qu'ils sont; les phénomènes ne conduisent pas toujours l'autre à des principes assez évidents. Les bornes qui, dans ces deux routes contraires, ont pu arrêter deux hommes de cette espèce, ce ne sont pas les bornes de leur esprit, mais celles de l'esprit humain.

Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle at his birth at Rouen, February 11, 1657, was so delicate a child that he was not expected to live. In spite of this weakness he saw fifty-eight years of the reign of Louis XIV. and forty-two of that of his successor, surviving through the war of the Austrian Succession to the commencement of the Seven Years War. Or perhaps we may realise better what such a life means by reflecting that, begun while Cromwell was still alive, it extended through the reigns of six English sovereigns, closing only three years before the accession of George III. He thus belonged to and formed a link between two epochs of French literature, the meridian splendour of the early Louis XIV. period, and the latter half of that monarch's reign, which witnessed a great falling off; while under Louis XV. the cultivation of literature was wholly neglected. It has been said of Fontenelle that there were two men in him—the *bel esprit* of the seventeenth and the philosopher of the eighteenth century.

Little in the way of incident is recorded of his personal life. Educated at the Jesuits' College at his native city, after a brief and unsuccessful nominal study of the law, when he was really amassing a store of knowledge in languages, in poetry, history, and philosophy, he soon devoted himself to a literary career. On his mother's side he was a nephew of Corneille, with whose younger brother Thomas he made his first home in Paris. It is of Fontenelle at this stage of his life, marked by affectation, bad taste, and an almost total want of soul, that La Bruyère has drawn an unfavourable picture.

We have a far more pleasing description of him at the age of seventy-six, when he had built up a solid reputation, calm and dignified, weighing his words carefully, and a good listener, with his keen piercing eyes, and a general air of distinction. In 1697 he became Secretary to the Academy of Sciences, founded by Colbert in 1666, and an honorary member of that of Berlin, as well as of our own Royal Society. This was his principal occupation, a most congenial one to a man of his tastes, and he held the post for almost forty-three years. His appointment to it was due to the proofs given of his talents in his "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds," and his conception of the qualities demanded in a secretary is well shown in his *éloge* on his predecessor, M. du Hamel—"to throw light on thorny and abstract subjects, to clear up difficulties in conflicting theories, to interpret science to the public." It was a high ideal, and one that he kept ever before him.

The importance of these academies for research, "Les Etats généraux de la Philosophie," as he calls them, and their intimate connection with the growth of science, he describes in a striking passage which concludes as follows:

Ici l'on voulut que tout fût simple, tranquille, sans ostentation d'esprit ni de science, que personne ne se crût engagé à avoir raison, et que l'on fût toujours en état de céder sans honte, surtout qu'aucun système ne dominât dans l'Académie à l'exclusion des autres, et qu'on laissât toujours toutes les portes ouvertes à la vérité.¹

He felt scarcely any of the infirmities or maladies of age till he was past ninety, when his eyesight somewhat failed, and he became rather deaf. If he had the gout, he would not admit that it caused him pain. His foot simply became cotton, he rested it on a chair, *et voilà tout*. This extraordinary longevity and vitality was due in large measure to a serene and tranquil temperament.

Eight small octavo volumes, averaging 500 pages each, may not seem a very large output for this Nestor of literature. But Fontenelle was not obliged to write for his livelihood;

¹ "Préface de l'Histoire de l'Académie des Sciences," année 1666.

indeed during his last years he possessed considerable wealth. But all that he published bears the mark of most careful polish, refinement, and delicacy of touch. His style never fails to give us that easy reading which is the outcome of care and painstaking in composition. Good sense, lucidity, precision, united to a liveliness that seems as if it would be impossible to be dull had he tried to be so—these are the chief characteristics of this versatile writer. He set before himself the golden rule, so often neglected or ignored: "When employed in composition my first concern is that I myself understand what I am to say." Another admirable charm possessed by Fontenelle, apart from graces of style, is his power of arousing the curiosity and interest of his readers in any subject or individual with whom he is dealing. Nowhere is this more evident than in his "Dialogues of the Dead," his first work in prose, published in 1683, when he was but twenty-six years old. From the humorous dedication to Lucian (with whom he obviously has so much in common) to the amusing extravagances of the Judgment of Pluto, there is hardly a page that has not some unexpected but pleasing analogy, some dexterous balancing between two opposite ideas or two contradictory characters, some clever juxtaposition of the sublime and the ridiculous.¹ Antithesis is his favourite figure. The technicalities of formal logic he had detested when studying as a youth under the Jesuits but the logical connection of ideas he always scrupulously observes, though it must be confessed that he is not always guiltless of sophistry.

How ingenious are the colloquies between Apicius and Galileo, between Paracelsus and Molière, between Fausta and Brutus, the former of whom defends her infidelities to M. Aurelius on the ground of the principles held by the latter, comparing her courage with his. "Je suis Romaine, et j'ai des sentimens Romains sur la liberté." How entertaining is the contempt of

¹ "Le magnifique et le ridicule sont si voisin, qu'ils se touchent." *Senèque, Scarron*. Is not this the origin of the *mot* "There is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous?"

Erasistratus for Harvey's discovery of the circulation of the blood, and his boast of having healed Antiochus of a quartan fever in entire ignorance of that theory by finding out that he was in love with Stratonice, from the fact that in her presence the Prince's pulse always beat higher in his desire to conceal his passion! Pluto, in his judgment on this case, after Harvey has made his protest, brusquely cuts short the defence that Erasistratus was about to make—"Qu'Erasistrate, quoiqu'il eût guéri Antiochus, seroit obligé de respecter la circulation du sang." Many such sly hits occur at obstinate disbelievers in the discoveries of the time. Each of these sprightly sketches is a complete little gem in itself. The ghosts always speak in character and in keeping with their environment, and in this respect Fontenelle has no equal apart from his prototype, Lucian. No comparison is possible between his light touch and the stately periods of the author of the "Imaginary Conversations." The late Mr. Henry Traill in "The New Lucian," and the late George Steevens in his "Monologues of the Dead," come nearest to him; the latter of whom, had his life been prolonged, might have furbished up his classical armour and produced something more lasting in this species of composition.

In what has been said above on his "Éloges" we have already touched on Fontenelle's attitude towards the scientific movement of his day. But no account of him would be complete which did not emphasise his influence in this department. He has been called the last of the Cartesians. He was to Descartes what Voltaire was afterwards to Newton. But he freely criticised his master. He expounded the whole of his system, his metaphysics as well as his physics. In his "Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds," published in 1686 when he was but twenty-nine, he adopted the hypothesis of the Vortices, which Descartes imagined, to account for the phenomena of planetary motion; a hypothesis long since obsolete, and disproved by the fact of the free passage of comets through the spaces that the vortices were supposed to occupy. But in his *éloge* on Newton, in 1723, he recog-

nised the profound gulf that separated him from Descartes, and finally, in 1752, in his "Théorie des Tourbillons avec réflexions sur l'attraction," the Vortices are given up. This shows that he had an open mind, and was a genuine lover of truth. He insisted from the first on the vital difference between the ancient and the modern philosophy, the former being a philosophy of *words* the latter of *things*. Experience he describes as the sovereign mistress of all physical science, and the only safeguard through the labyrinth of the Plurality of Causes. Further, he was the first to express philosophical doctrines and methods in clear and graceful terms. He may have erred on some particular points, and he can lay no claim to original discovery, but his distinctive merit, and it is a great one, consists in having made the sciences speak in the plain language of ordinary life, and bringing their results within the comprehension of ordinary readers. He was thus instrumental in forming public opinion; and by the signal good fortune which cast his lot in an age of brilliant *savants*, the work of Fontenelle as a diffuser and populariser of their discoveries forms an important epoch in the philosophical as well as the literary history of France.

Something similar we have seen in the creation of a public sentiment on the great scientific movement of our times. We might instance such works as those of Stebbing and Hutchison, of Clodd and Grant Allen. Useful, however, as these are, they do not produce quite the same effect. We miss for one thing the transparent lucidity of the French language; while the problems of evolution raised by Darwinism are too serious, too complex, and too far-reaching to lend themselves easily to a style of exposition at once popular and exact.

Another instance of the gift that Fontenelle possessed of presenting a subject in an entertaining form is his "Histoire des Oracles." The question of the sources of the ancient oracles and their cessation had been discussed by a Dutch physician, Van Dale. His learned but dull treatise was transused by the facile pen of Fontenelle into a lively and attractive

volume, exactly suited to the taste of the Parisians. His explanation of the oracles by reference to human imposture roused the opposition of the Jesuits, who held that they were inspired by the Devil and silenced at the coming of Christ. Fontenelle declined to be drawn into a theological controversy. He recognised as Voltaire says: "Combien il est dangereux d'avoir raison dans des choses ou des hommes accrédités ont tort," and closed the debate, at the expense of his consistency, by the following reply: "Je laisserais mon censeur jouir en paix de son triomphe; Je consens que le Diable ait été prophète, puisque le Jesuit le veut, et qu'il croit cela plus orthodoxe."

Fontenelle and Landor are notable instances of a prolonged literary career. But while the author of "Imaginary Conversations" revelled in quarrels, the French writer made few enemies. It is true that he underwent two persecutions, if that is not too strong a term, one literary, the other theological; neither of them, however, was very severe. In the controversy as to the relative merits of the Ancients and the Moderns, Fontenelle was on the side of Perrault, the champion of the moderns, and in consequence he incurred the enmity of Boileau and Racine. A war of epigrams ensued, and through the influence of the two poets the doors of the Academy were for a long time closed against Fontenelle. The other occasion was the attack mentioned above, which was made on his *History of the Oracles*.

From this sketch of his literary career we can see what were the chief limitations that prevent our placing Fontenelle in the highest rank. We note with regret a certain amount of coldness and apathy in him, both mentally and morally.¹ His philosophy was mild and benevolent, rather than ardent and courageous, too much inclined, in the early part of his career, to paradox, and encyclopædic rather than profound. Equable

¹ Diderot, on one occasion, was talking of sentiment, when Fontenelle replied, "Monsieur, il y a quatre-vingt ans que j'a relégué le sentiment dans l'églogue."

in temper, he shows his tolerance and gentle disposition in the following words: "Men are foolish and wicked, but such as they are I must live with them, and this I settled with myself very early in life." "I hate war because it spoils conversation." With scarce an exception his distinguished contemporaries, Voltaire, Malebranche, Condorcet, d'Alembert, speak of him in one aspect or another in terms of the highest praise and respect. Sainte-Beuve, in view of his many-sided character, and the way in which his qualities were modified and harmonised as the years went on, places him in a class by himself, and regards him as unique in French literature.

Madame Geoffrin asked him one day whether he had ever laughed.¹ "'Non,' répondit-il, 'je n'ai jamais fait Ah! ah! ah!' voilà l'idée qu'il avait du rire," to which Sainte-Beuve adds, "s'il n'avait jamais fait ah! ah! il n'avait jamais fait non plus oh! oh! oh! c'est-à-dire qu'il n'avait jamais admiré." Once and once only, on the death of M. Brunel, the friend of his childhood, he is known to have shed tears. When the ice was broken he was a staunch friend—"difficile à acquérir, mais plus difficile à perdre." But the heart of one who could say "A man should be sparing of superfluities to himself, that he may supply necessities to others," must have been in the right place; and we know that he carried out the sentiment in practice, and often "did good by stealth." He expired on January 9, 1757. Had he lived one month and two days longer he would have completed his hundredth year. His last words breathe a spirit of habitual cheerfulness and equanimity: "My friends! I am not suffering, but I feel a certain difficulty in existing."

FRANCIS ST. JOHN THACKERAY.

¹ A curious story is told in the 23rd of the "Dialogues of the Dead," of one Parmenisius, who consults the Oracle at Delphi on his inability to laugh.

A GARDENER'S VIEW OF SCIENCE, OLD AND NEW

THE division of labour in everyday life enables us at once to see the common sense, the use, the necessity of a corresponding division of labour in science. And as within each trade or craft or profession there are many subdivisions, and within these often subdivisions again, familiar to those who practise them, so in every department of science. In every gardener, every florist, these two divisions of labour meet, for one is devoted to chrysanthemums and another to orchids, a third to roses, and so on, each finding in this or that alliance ample occupation and study, without time or inclination to trespass upon the other's field. That this division is necessary and its result fruitful is obvious; hence it commonly seems that the old days of general knowledge and of productivity in many fields of action are past and gone. Botany and zoology seem clearly and increasingly separated from physical science on the one hand, from the humanities on the other; and so for each department of these.

We must do justice to both lines of scientific evolution, and use our brains as we use our eyes, at one time focusing them upon the foreground detail with closer and minuter observation, and aiding them by increasing microscopic power, and at another seeking to take in a unified impression, a general landscape. To many specialists this seems impossible—or if not hopeless, at best premature; and perhaps particularly in

the natural sciences it is undeniably difficult. The map-maker, however, has long ago anticipated our difficulty, and furnished us with maps of both kinds—those in which the greatest city is a mere point, yet others in which its minutest topographic details are given. May we not do the same in other studies, and even profit by these methods of graphic clearness? Let us start then with a map, the largest possible to the geographer, though a small one to the astronomer, that in which their respective fields unite. Let us draw the orbit of the earth, and define upon its all but circular ellipse the position of the earth throughout the four seasons, the twelve months; or, if we make our scale large enough, the $365\frac{1}{4}$ days. Next let us set out around this the position of the signs of the zodiac. Now return to the starry vault itself, and map out upon its curve the twelve signs, six above the horizon and six below, thus equal to two seasons above and two below. Now these fantastic signs, these ancient names, indicated, as astronomers have again and again pointed out, the seasonal facts. They corresponded to the phases of nature, the corresponding activities of labour upon the earth. Our circle of the zodiac thus includes within it a smaller, but to us all-important, cycle of nature-changes inexorably determined on the earth by its annual journey round the sun; and since the occupational activities obviously follow the course of nature, the ancient correlation of astronomy with climate and vegetation, and through these with animal life, with human occupation, is thus for us as fundamental as for primitive science. That many a modern graduate in science has never given an hour's thought or study to this simple subject is no doubt true; but this need not prevent our seeing that the reinvestigation of this co-relation, of this seasonal astronomy, seasonal biology, seasonal agriculture, is as legitimate a specialism as any other, and that this may be none the less rigorous and exact because it cuts across a number of special subjects usually treated separately. If our fields of study—astronomical, biological, social—may still be isolated as clearly and sharply as the

successive coats of an onion, then, for that very reason it is a cross-section which best displays the structure of the whole. Above us, then, rolls the zodiac, with its seasonal signs. Around us grows the vegetable world in obedient response to these mighty influences, and within all we lead our human lives—of old obviously thus conditioned, nowadays less obviously ; still, far more than we commonly realise. Division of labour has gone on till many occupations have forgotten their origins altogether, and even kindred ones no longer meet ; hence the same has taken place in our science, our education. But the astronomer is again recalling us to the all-determining importance of his science. Witness, for recent example, Sir Norman Lockyer's "Farmer's Year" in *Nature*, 1902, with his clear insistence on the utilitarian common sense of the sun temples of Egypt, or the stone circles of our own forefathers.

Here then is the central point of an almost organised re-interpretation of custom and folklore, of anthropology, archaeology, nay, even of mythology and of literature, which is in simultaneous progress in many schools of apparently specialist thought. Egyptologist and Celticist, Sir Norman reminds us, thus thoroughly meet ; and to explain to a child its homely Christmas tree, or its spring or autumn bonfire, we must now traverse sciences, histories, literatures, religions. As yet, no doubt, this advancing tide of research has had little importance in education. The three R's of the popular school, the Latin and Greek of the secondary one, the mathematical and physical curriculum predominating in one university, or the classical and philosophical in favour at another—all as yet seem to remain unaffected. But, notwithstanding, the change is beginning, and first of all in popular education. Hence the importance of such an organised curriculum in nature-study as that which distinguishes the Education Faculty of Cornell or of Chicago ; a system of which, for instance, the nature-study syllabus lately issued by the Scots Education Department shows some recognition, which may be confidently expected to

increase from year to year as teacher and administrator progress towards more vitally educational methods. Here, in fact, is going on in the elementary schools of Europe, and also in the training colleges of most American cities, a substantial and definite renewal of the earliest syntheses, of the ancient initiations—scientific, philosophical, and religious in one.

For science is no mere labyrinth of specialisms, however delightful as her votaries know ; philosophy no mere discussion of abstractions and generalities apart from nature and human life ; religion no mere tradition of this Church or of that. Once more all these are becoming seen and felt as one. Through all the infinitudes of science we may increasingly trace the enchainment of cause and effect—the physical conditioning the organic, these the social, yet each reacting in turn. Such a conception, too, is truly philosophical. It is no longer finished, static, but kinetic, evolutionist. All is unity, order, simplicity, yet all a moving equilibrium, no mechanical orrery merely, but an unending drama—the perpetual remanifestation of the protean modes and moods of the universal energy.

That such a viewpoint is at the same time religious is surely manifest without argument. With this correlation of astronomic, organic, and human evolution we have practically recovered the standpoint of the 148th Psalm, *Benedicite omnia opera* ; the sun and moon, the world of life and labour, of duties and emotions, all becoming unified, as of old, within a single education, a single initiation in which cosmic unity and human ideal unite. We have too long lost the ancient tradition of science, and so have tended to undervalue this. Proud of our modern physics, our modern microscopy and the rest, we tend to think there was practically no ancient science at all ; and even historians too often speak as if science almost begins with the nineteenth century, or, at any rate, with the Renaissance. But we do not speak thus contemptuously of the philosophies of the ancient past. In Plato, in Aristotle, all men recognise the very culminations of grasp and range of thought, of comprehensiveness and subtlety, of truth and

beauty. But we know these thinkers as not wholly initiators ; we see them as the repositories, the organisers, the continuators of a great philosophic tradition, amid which stand clearest the sages of Elea and of Ionia, with the sublime figures of Pythagoras, even of Orpheus and Hermes, more dim and distant in the earlier past ; clearest of all, as the common consent of mankind has recognised, the towering genius of the great religious founders. Hence Moses for our Western world ; hence Rama and Krishna for that of India, stand forth masters, leaders of the human spirit beyond the later children of men. We see that these great religions, these great philosophies, were agreed in the essentially common conception of the universal order—astronomic, organic, and human. Their differences are but secondary ; and we have thus reached the paradox that the simplest prehistoric worshipper at old Karnak or on Ben Ledi had a comprehensive and a unified idea of the general scheme of things. But that is to grant them a more comprehensive grasp of science than our modern specialists with all their discoveries—discoveries which are assuredly often, and doubtless oftener than we know, rediscoveries. For illustration of this in physical science we need hardly go beyond our current recovery and re-unification of “nature-studies.” Yet in one special science after another, in medicine, in psychology, even in philology, rediscoveries are also plain. Take, for a single obvious instance, the case of what we know as Grimm’s (or Rask’s) Law—for most people an obvious discovery of one or other of these esteemed savants. But leaving for a moment this view of their discovery of the interchangeableness of specific letters, or rather the sounds they express, let us ask a yet simpler question. What is the explanation of the order of our present alphabet—a, b, c, d, &c. ? What possible explanation have we of this apparently irrational and purely empiric succession, yet one long ago fixed by tradition and common to many languages ? Well, it has been pointed out, we have merely to put down our letters in rows as follows :

a	b	c	d		
e	f	g	h		
i	j	k		l	m, n
o	p	q		r	s, t
u	v	w, x			z

so that the vowels follow in the first vertical line. This done, note the fairly corresponding vertical association of kindred and therefore interchangeable sounds, gutturals, labials, dentals, &c. The subject might be followed further; but enough if we see that our a, b, c is but the empirical survival of an orderly table which expressed our essential and central modern generalisation of philologic science. Our modern phonetics, as a whole, is thus but a rediscovery, in principle, whatever be its elaboration in detail. In a word, we see that our alphabetical order has only become irrational because of an early scribe's mistake, just as English spelling has embalmed its early printers' blunders. The change from vertical to horizontal writing has in this respect cost us dear. May there not be more of this in current education?

Take now an example from biology. There are text-books of science which ascribe the discovery of the sexes of plants to this modern botanist or to that. In the popular mind this is mostly associated with Linnæus; while some of our botanical historians gravely vindicate the claim of a certain Sir Thomas Millington, of Oxford, in the century before. But the whole desert East has been living upon dates from time immemorial. How did it annually fertilise its date-trees if the sexes of plants were not as familiar as now? And what pilgrim or crusader did not learn this?

Taking up the whole question of sex, as modern biology begins nowadays to do, the progress of our studies and interpretations throws more and more light upon the early, if not as some think the earliest, forms of religion; and we find that the vulgar and debased elements so obvious in this regard, not only in our own civilisation but in earlier ones, are still secondary. They are outcomes of the degeneration and distortion of ideas originally profound, the foolishness of

practices originally wise, the ugliness of things naturally beautiful, the decay of the old poetry and philosophy and idealism which ever centres around the flowering of life, and ever must arise from this anew so long as poetry and philosophy, nay, so long as altruism and religion, exist. The political economist and his direct derivative, the natural selectionist, have insisted long enough upon the nutritive functions with their self-regarding struggle; but the sociologist and biologist of a younger generation are alike beginning to insist in more adequate measure upon the vast and predominant importance of the reproductive functions in nature, of the species-regarding, that is, the altruistic impulse in the origin of species, and in the origin and progress of civilisation also. But this the oldest, earliest science of the world's childhood assuredly knew. It is by help of considerations of this kind that we may seek to interpret that earliest rite of Judaism, which is the initiative one of Mohammedanism also, as of simpler and earlier cults. Thus, too, we may understand at once those idealisations, on the one side of chastity and on the other of wedlock, which have respectively or associatedly inspired the noblest lives, and which have given us the saint, the knight, the poet, and to each his lady.

Once more to read all this afresh from nature, from the pairing and nesting birds, from the opening flowers, is the truest way to insure against that prurient curiosity over needless mystery which otherwise ever plagues and coarsens the young. To follow this process into its deeper psychology is not only to interpret and to guide the storm and stress of adolescence, or to interpret the song of the poet, but even to direct the private meditation and develop the personal influence of the saint. Biology, then, is no new science. Darwin and his followers, in investigating the mysterious processes, yet simple methods, of breeding and selection, have been but recovering fragments of an ancient art; and with art is ever necessarily associated a corresponding measure of science. What is the proof of this? it may be asked. Do you seriously believe,

much less expect to maintain, the idea that prehistoric man knew more about such things than Darwin and Weismann, or than the breeders of to-day? Precisely so! This is the point, and one which it only needs a little reflection to make clear. Within our century we have actually developed, and are now in every decade and lustrum more often developing, new forms and breeds of beautiful and useful plants, and sometimes also animals, from common and familiar varieties and species. But we have not as yet succeeded, either in our own day or within the historic period, in developing any important new food-plant or any new domesticated animal. That is to say, each and all of these are prehistoric. We are proud, and deservedly so, in our day of our advance in agricultural as in physical science; but what in both of them put together corresponds to the importance of raising our present cereals from wild grasses, our noble fruits, like the apple, olive, and vine, from worthless crabs? And when we go to the essential plants of other civilisations, to the rice of the East or the potatoes and maize of the West, we find the same origins lost in antiquity. The scholar when he finds written records, the archæologist when he finds a hoard of noble art-workmanship, is perfectly clear that the people who made and used these things were proportionally civilised; and must not we selectionists, who find these obvious evidences of prehistoric skill, with practical results incomparably greater and more important than are our own as yet—must not we similarly recognise these as evidence of past civilisation? Do we not see that the ancient garden, in which these goodly fruits and herbs were grown, was no mere transient Eden, still less a theologic parable, but a long-enduring place of labour and happiness, of wealth and peace? For to achieve such successes can have been only the result and the reward of peaceful generations, the product and the condition of a true Golden Age.

It has been calculated, from the labour obviously needed to build and plant the ancient cultivated terraces of the Mediterranean, of which we find the survivals everywhere from Spain to

Syria, that there was probably as much capital value in permanent form in this region in prehistoric times as there is now, or even more. And though such a calculation is necessarily difficult and cannot be made strictly precise, the general idea is a thoroughly reasonable one. And when we remember that we can see these ruined cultivation-terraces, not only in the Mediterranean but all the way from Arthur's Seat to Korea, we say the evidence of a wide diffusion of this past civilisation becomes surely sufficiently strong; indeed, that people's blindness to it is mainly because we cannot put a terrace into a museum as we do a flint implement; and so they think of their forefathers as warriors or hunters only, and not as the literal *Bauern* they really were, peasants and builders in one. As for the pacific nature of old civilisation, a moment's reflection upon the temperament of the agricultural peoples from China to Peru, upon the agricultural elements even in militant civilisations from the Spartan or Red Indian to the modern European one, may also elucidate this. The scholar, too, may remind us that the olive could only become the ancient symbol of peace in virtue of a long immunity against destruction in war. For be it clearly noted that the modern European practice in wars, especially against simpler peoples, which cuts down their fruit-trees is a practice which ancient civilisation, Greek, Roman, and Jewish alike, condemned. In origin it is an Assyrian barbarity alone, and now a reversion of the most evil sort; not truly a policy, only a barbarism which will hand on its perpetrators throughout history to stand beside the destroying Assyrian himself.

Returning, then, to our civilised prehistoric agriculturists and their sun-circles, we begin to understand them better and respect them more. What their whole doctrine was we shall probably never fully know, yet its best elements we may gradually rediscover, for to deduce is to divine. Speculation, point by point, is here legitimate and necessary; and observation and interpretation may still go hand in hand. While the scholar excavates the temple ruins of Eleusis, the botanist may

also see his own clue towards the elucidation of their ancient mysteries in a spring morning's walk from Athens; for when in Attica the corn is but sprouting, in the more sheltered and fertile vale of Eleusis it is already half knee-deep. This, then, as the earlier and better region for the peasant, was also obviously the fitter site for his festival of agriculture. And when we seek for the hidden and symbolic meaning of that Revelation of the Light which was the culminating element in this great celebration, we may not be far wrong if we suspect that the all-sustaining action of sunlight on vegetation, though for us the discovery of little more than a hundred years ago, was here at least one of the fundamental elements of the symbol—as it is also one fitly underlying its higher and more subjective meanings. Here, of course, we are entering upon dubious and controversial ground; enough for the present if we have seen the anticipation of modern by ancient culture to be a field worthy of fuller opening, and the rehabilitation of the Golden Age to be a tenable thesis of archæology, a needed element of the doctrine of human evolution. Such a restatement of the pre-history of civilisation is surely no unsubstantial example of the recovery of ancient albeit long discredited truth by current science. There is much to be learned both in past and present as we complement the urban by the rustic view.

PATRICK GEDDES.

PICTORIAL RELICS OF THIRD-CENTURY CHRISTIANITY

S. MARIA MAGGIORE, ROME

THE visitor who enters S. Maria Maggiore through Fuga's portico will first be struck by its vastness, its swept and garnished vastness, the wide spaces of its patterned floor, and the greatness of the columns which spring from it. But soon his eye will be drawn down the marble avenue to the High Altar, a splendid eighteenth-century structure of great dimensions. Its invaluable antique porphyry columns, garlanded with gilt laurel, are silhouetted against the misty light-spangled spaces of the Apse, glittering with Torriti's incomparable mosaics (1292); but the dove-like angels—who have alighted among the scutcheons, tiaras, palms, and other Papal trophies of its verde-antique baldacchino—gleam, very whitely, against the storied spandrels of the Arch, and almost touch Giuliano di S. Gallo's golden ceiling. Through their wings shine glimpses of the Florentine's gold and white frieze, of which the Borgia Bull is the central theme, a consummate arrangement of decorative line, inspired by so dainty and elf-like a joy in life that it grates on one's nerves as the gift of His Vicar to the Temple of the Crucified.

To eyes accustomed to the hieratic twilight the dim arch, soberly patterned with gold and colour, which frames this High Altar, yields pictures, and an inscription—XVSTVS

EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEL. These pictures and this inscription are the special object of our studies.

Above the forty-two antique Ionic columns which guard the Nave, and were *in situ* sixteen hundred years ago, runs a cursive vine in mosaic, probably executed in the Middle Ages, but now stamped with the hall-mark of its modern restorer.

Above it again, hiding the lower part of some forty ancient pictures, projects a heavy white and gold cornice, decorated with the Aldobrandini Stars (Clement VIII., 1592-1605), and the pine-cones of Cardinal Pinelli, the great seventeenth-century benefactor of the Basilica, who lies beneath the pavement below.

These much-injured classic pictures in mosaic, which "tell" as patches of dirty purple on a most unbecoming background of white and gilt seventeenth-century stucco, are the somewhat unpromising further objects of our study.

Above them originally ran an unbroken row of open arches, possibly glazed with thin sheets of alabaster set in ebony: its alternate spaces were walled up in the Middle Ages, and are at present decorated with eighteenth-century frescoes of a gay drawing-room character, representing scenes from the life of the Virgin.

"Alas!" cries the Purist, "what a confusion of incompatible things and styles—the Baroque, the Antique, and the Pseudo-Antique, the art of the Renaissance, and of the Middle Ages, mixed together in a heterogeneous pot-pourri!"

Alas! for the Purist, what do he and his neat standards in Rome, in the midst of walls corroded with the fever of upwards of two thousand seven hundred years of life?

Rome is not for the pedantic, but for the catholic; she demands large points of view, and wide sympathies. Times change; tastes vary; but the human heart and its dominant needs are constant, and it is to these that they who would understand her speech must attune their ears.

Until recently archæologists have ascribed the mosaics of the Arch and Nave of S. Maria Maggiore to the fifth century;



Interior of the Basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, Rome, showing position of mosaics (after Piranesi)

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there is, however, a tendency among modern critics to attribute those of the Nave to an earlier date; and this for reasons of style. At present they are associated respectively with the names of Xystus (432-440), and of Liberius (352-366).

The evidence in favour of the former attribution is very strong: for Xystus seems to claim its decorations as his in the dedicatory inscriptions on the Arch itself—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEL.

A second inscription (of which the last remaining vestiges were destroyed by order of Cardinal Pinelli (1600), but of which absolutely reliable records are preserved) placed by Xystus over the entrance doorway states that he re-named the Basilica after the Virgin, and decorated it with pictures designed in her honour as THEOTOKOS—Bearer of God.

This title and the body of doctrine it represents—of which the modern dogma of the Immaculate Conception is the legitimate offspring—was a by-product of the discussion of the precise relation of the human and divine natures of Christ, the clear definition of which was the *raison d'être* of the Council of Ephesus (431).

Though not present at this council, Xystus was a strong advocate of the views on which it placed the seal of orthodoxy, and an ardent promoter of the cult of the Virgin. The opinion that in the pictures of the Arch he expressed this devotion, together with his adherence to the dogma promulgated at Ephesus, is recorded in a monumental inscription placed on the back of the Arch:

SIXTUS III P. M.

RELATÆ DE NESTORIO
IN CONSIGLIO EPHESINO
VICTORIÆ MONUMENTUM
CUIUS MEMINIT CONTRA ICONOM̃
SCRIBENS AD CAROLUM MAGNUM.¹
HADRIANUS I. P. M.

¹ On this point see "Classic Christian Art," a monograph in which I had the honour to collaborate with my master, Dr. J. P. Richter.

Nor does the ascription of this decorative series to the time of Xystus rest on the evidence of contemporary inscriptions only, strong as that is, but on that of the pictures themselves, which seem historical in form; and in which the Virgin herself is represented, an innovation commonly ascribed to the current of feeling of which the THEOTOKOS dogma was a symptom.

Moreover, the chief persons pictured wear dresses which occur in Byzantine art, and which therefore seem to be Post-Constantinian.

Further, whereas gold was not admitted into the colour-gamut of classic art, here dresses, background, and architectonic accessories glitter with it.

It must be admitted that the case is a strong one, and yet it falls to pieces on examination.

The opening words of the rhythmic inscription destroyed by Cardinal Pinelli—VIRGO MARIA TIBI XYSTUS NOVA TECTA DICAUIT—were followed by lines in which praise of the Virgin is combined with the description of a THEOTOKOS of the ordinary hieratic type (*i.e.*, an enthroned Virgin represented, *en face*, the Child on her knees, also absolutely *en face*), towards whom martyrs advance from either side, the symbols of their passion at their feet, and crowns in their hands.

Ferram, flamma, feræ, fluvium sævumque venenum
Tot tamen has mortes una corona manet.¹

The pictorial image these words evoke is one with which the student of Christian art is familiar. A similar composition in good conservation is preserved in the Church of S. Apollinare Nuovo, in which a procession of virgins moves towards an enthroned Madonna.

In this inscription, in which Xystus enumerates his benefactions to the Church, he claims to have offered the Virgin only the "nova tecta," (*i.e.*, the building,) and a picture of a well-known type, of strikingly dissimilar character to the com-

¹ Steel, fire, wild beasts, rivers, poison; all these forms of death lead to one crown.

positions decorating the Arch and Nave; which picture has perished. It sheds no light consequently on the subject of our research—namely, the authorship of the pictures of the Arch and Nave. We are constrained, therefore, to turn to the pictures themselves, in the hope that the character of their features may reveal their lineage.

It is an indisputable fact that Xystus professed an especial devotion to the Virgin, to which he gave drastic expression in the lost picture he describes, in which martyrs offer their crowns not to the Infant Christ, but to His Mother.

We approach the eight pictures of the Arch, said to be designed in her honour as Mother of God, in the expectation, therefore, that the *rôle* she plays will be a regal one; and, as far as clothes are concerned, our expectations are not belied, for her dress is that of a Byzantine empress; but how seldom she is pictured,¹ only three times in a series of eight pictures, in none of which is her figure indisputably dominant; even in the *Annunciation*—a scene in which it requires some ingenuity to make her other than pre-eminent—separate revelation is made to Joseph also, who is thus granted a position of unusual equality.

It is difficult to believe that, had her glorification been the object of these eight pictures, the artist would have excluded her from five! Still more incomprehensible is it, that Xystus should have ignored her in his dedicatory inscription. "XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI," he writes. Why not *Matri Dei*? as is very pertinently asked in the monograph to which I have already referred. Because, as detailed examination of the subject-matter represented proves, the thought of the Virgin was not the inspiration of this cycle, the theme of which Xystus has admirably synthesised in his inscription; it is the reception of the Incarnate Redeemer by the People of God; the *plebs dei*.

¹ In the "Adoration of the Magi" her figure is a stucco interpolation. The subjects pictured: Annunciation, Presentation, Adoration of the Magi, The Philosopher, Massacre of the Innocents, the Magi and Herod, Jerusalem, Bethlehem.

The legendary connection of the Council of Ephesus and the Theotokos dogma with the decorations of the Arch falls therefore to the ground.

Another consideration militates against the ascription of these pictures to the fifth century. Their subject-matter is largely drawn from the apocryphal writings. The Virgin, for instance, is represented as spinning, a detail common to several apocryphal gospels, but absent from canonical records; the subject of the fourth picture again, the Meeting of a Hellenistic Prince with the Christ Child during the Flight into Egypt, is an incident known only from apocryphal sources.

It is most improbable that the monumental decoration of a Roman Basilica, associated with the name of a fifth-century Pope, should have been drawn from apocryphal sources, for one of the most urgent spiritual needs of the Church of the fourth and fifth centuries found expression in a movement initiated still earlier, of which the purpose was the formation of a literary and theological canon of books which were to be accepted as authoritative in matters of religious history and faith.

Indeed, caustic measures had become a vital necessity.

The "Memoirs"¹ of Christ (also known as "Gospels"), written by the Apostles, or by persons of their immediate *entourage*, and their authenticated letters enjoyed undisputed authority from the earliest times; beside them, however, sprang up an immense literature of "harmonies," legends, heretical gospels, traditions, "tendenz" histories, sayings, and forgeries, an official verdict on which was essential to the unity of Christian thought. Council after council was called for this purpose, lists of prohibited books were published, and a general crusade against the offending writings proclaimed.

Foremost among the defenders of Christian orthodoxy were the great Fathers of the Church, Augustine, Jerome, and the Popes of the day; Liberius (352-366); Damasus (366-384), whose private secretary was Jerome; Coelestinus (422-432); Xystus (432-440); Leo the Great (440-461).

¹ So called by Justin Martyr; see his First Apology, ch. 66.

The present rarity of these once widely-diffused writings proves the disastrous efficiency (from the point of view of the modern student of history) with which this war was waged. How deeply rooted, on the other hand, and how persistent was their life, is shown by the permanency of their reflex in art, the favourite subject-matter of the *minor arts* of the time, especially of the workers in ivory, continuing to be drawn from these condemned sources.

Nor is this all; these prohibited subjects *reappear* in Mediaeval and Italo-Byzantine art; for, centuries later, after the Canon had been established, and the struggle about its cradle had been forgotten, the Church was strong enough to adopt the children of her repudiated relatives, the apocryphal gospels.¹

Is it probable that a Pope, who, like Xystus, recognised these writings as a danger to Christianity, and put all his energy into their suppression, would have used them in preference to canonical Gospels as the literary source of the decorations of his newly-named church?

It may be replied that, though *à priori* most improbable, it is impossible, in the face of his inscription, to deny that he did so. The authenticity of this inscription is therefore a matter of moment.

Inscriptions attached to pictures are usually either placed in framed tablets below or above the picture they comment, or they are woven into its architectonic framework.

But here the four words—XYSTUS EPISCOPUS PLEBI DEI—are thrust so rudely into the composition that they cut off the right and left legs of Peter and Paul respectively, a mutilation which can hardly have been devised by their designer. But such an expedient, clumsy as it is, might well have been forced on to

¹ As an accessible example we would point to a fourteenth-century picture in Siena, published in the July 1903 number of this REVIEW, *Peter Enthroned*. The representation of the birth of Christ in a cave, and the incident of Salome, are derived from the apocryphal Protevangelium Jacobi; and the *Fall of Simon Magus* from the Acts of Peter and Paul.

an unskilled restorer anxious to associate his patron's name with renovated pictures. Nor in making this hypothesis do we cast any slur on Xystus' probity: his action was perfectly straightforward; in his inscription over the entrance doorway he makes a statement of his gifts to the Church, and lays no claim to the decoration of the Arch. If he either restored its injured mosaics, or translated pre-existing frescoes into a more costly and durable material, he had every right to associate his name with his work. The more so that in his own day, when the congregation were perfectly familiar with the pictures before they were renewed, there could have been no suspicion of plagiarism. This inscription, therefore, cannot be appealed to as unimpeachable evidence as to the date of the pictures with which it is associated.

Having now a *tabula rasa*, we are free to listen to the evidence of the pictures themselves, unhampered by preconceived opinions based on the doubtful interpretation of equivocal inscriptions.

This evidence should be studied from two points of view—from that of subject matter, and from that of style; or, in other words, from the literary and historical, and from the artistic standpoints.

These should be kept apart scrupulously: for if, as we have seen is possible, Xystus remodelled earlier work, and in doing so used the art-language of his own times (as he naturally would have done in days characterised by the absence of anything like historical sense), then the thing said, and the language used, would certainly not synchronise.

We will therefore devote ourselves exclusively to the literary material of the pictures of the Arch and Nave, with the object of discovering the phase of Christian thought they reflect.

Pre-Constantinian and Post-Constantinian Christianity are so markedly different, and represent types of thought, which are the fruit of environment of so especial and evanescent a character, that they cannot be mistaken for each other.



ANGELS HEAD IN MOSAIC.
SANTA MARIA MAGGIORE-ROME.

collected by the British Museum

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Pre-Constantinian Christianity was the religion of persons whose intellectual and moral being was the result of pagan education and environment; their prejudices, moral needs, and modes of thought the outcome of classic culture. The Christianity they could accept had to be remodelled, and was insensibly remodelled, to meet these necessities.

Its members moreover were constantly on the defensive against the assaults of cultured Hellenists and of Jews; they might moreover be called on at any moment to lay down their lives as a witness to the sincerity of their beliefs. A religion flourishing under such conditions could not be otherwise than large, sincere, occupied with vital points rather than with subtleties, catholic, and tolerant, except on such points as it deemed essential.

Post-Constantinian Christianity, on the other hand, was the creed of the comfortable members of an established Church, who were engaged in organising a rich possession; their enemies were of their own household; the subjects claiming their attention were theological and metaphysical, rather than religious and ethical.

The corrupt and moribund, the not wholly unattractive social life which represented the classic civilisation of the first centuries of our era, was leavened by two classes of fine persons: the first consisted of those who loved righteousness, and did good, untroubled by thought for the general scheme of existence; Christianity came like a breath of their native air to these "little children" of the Kingdom; the second class was composed of those who also loved righteousness, but to whom right thinking was a need, and the general scheme of existence of paramount importance; such men, if Christian, were Princes and Teachers of the Church.

It is in these intellectual Christians that we are now interested, for thought bears the stamp of its day, whereas the character of goodness is eternal.

Justin Martyr is a classic representative of this type of Christian. A young man of birth, means, breeding, and

culture, like some of Plato's charming youths, he spent the hey-day of his life in the arduous search for wisdom, going from one master to another, to Stoics, Peripatetics, Pythagoreans, Platonists, and leaving all, dissatisfied ; for he "asked to look on God," the beatific vision being, he deemed, the "goal of philosophy."¹

He had heard of Christians, but the popular description of their tenets could not have been attractive to a young man of culture. Indeed, the worship of a crucified man must have seemed a singularly unintelligent superstition to one who believed in the God of popular Platonism, the First Cause, the only Absolute, Unknowable, Inconceivable, without predicates, body, parts, or passions.

Thus dissatisfied, wistful, searching for that which like a will-of-the-wisp always eluded him, he seems to have witnessed the trial and death of some Christian martyrs. Their joyous fortitude and constancy was a revelation. Surely that which lifted them above the sufferings of the body, before which the glamour of the gifts of this world paled, must be the great thing for which he sought to give stability and dignity to his life! This, and a chance meeting with a noble Christian, decided his fate. He studied and embraced the faith of the Nazarene, and dressed in the philosopher's *pallium*, publicly taught Christianity as the last word of wisdom in the chief cities of the Empire.

Remembering the part played in his own conversion by the courageous witness of martyrs he kept the thought of a similar death before him as a last and precious argument, not seeking it wilfully, but dying willingly when the time came, as he knew it inevitably must. Thus consistently, after a few gallant years of fearless testimony, he sealed his teaching with his blood, probably in the reign of the philosopher, Marcus Aurelius.

His message is to his own class ; to thinkers and rulers exclusively. It is as "philosophers" and "lovers of learning"

¹ "Philosophy" [he says] "is in fact the greatest possession, and most honourable before God, to whom it leads, and alone commends us."

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that he addresses the Emperor Antoninus Pius and his adopted sons Marcus Aurelius and Lucius Verus; and this really not so much "on behalf of those among all nations who are unjustly hated, and wantonly abused, myself being one of them," though he uses this expression, as for their own sakes, that they as good rulers may be saved from the shame of committing or sanctioning injustice. "For as to us" he adds in his fine manner, "we reckon that no evil can befall us, except we be convicted as evil-doers, for you can kill (our bodies), but you cannot hurt us!"

This proud and intrepid propagandist was eminently suited to proselytise among the great of the earth; his intellectual position was theirs, their requirements and difficulties his. That the Christians should worship a crucified man struck educated pagans as eminently ridiculous; how ridiculous is shown by the grafito of the Palatine,¹ designed to annoy a Christian page of the Imperial Court by his fellow pages. Its centre is a cross, and on it a figure with an ass's head, before which a boy stands with his hands raised in the antique gesture of adoration; the rudely scratched words "Alexamenos adores his God," explain the point of the schoolboy insult.

The thought the lads parodied, however, was one which occupied their elders. The first attribute of a god is power, (so they argued), and power is evidenced by success; but this Christ failed dramatically; he was crucified, young, after a few years of public teaching! He may have been good, his teaching may have been exalted, but in what sense could he be called God? That a god should die a shameful death was an idea rejected as illogical by classic paganism.

The Cross was doubtless a stone of stumbling to Christian proselytes.

Justin Martyr and his contemporaries accept it proudly as the glorious and peculiar trophy of their faith.

Justin Martyr's argument is characteristic of his times.

God, he says, through the prophets, foretold many things

¹ Second century. The first known representation of the *Crucifixion*.

of the coming Redeemer, which were plagiarised by pagans, and attributed to their gods. For instance, it is written that the Saviour should be the "desire of the Gentiles," and that he should "wash his robes in the blood of the grape." Devils he says, parodied these words in the mysteries of Bacchus. Again it is written that he should be born of a Virgin, and this mystery also was parodied in the fabulous birth of Perseus; that he should heal the sick and raise the dead, and pagans point to Æsculapius; that he should be strong as a giant to run his course, and they point to Hercules; but no one, he observes, noted his most remarkable credential, given by God himself in order that he might be recognised when he came, the Crucifixion; and yet "the Cross is the greatest symbol of his rule and power."

Go where ye will, he cries, ye cannot escape from it. What would you do? Would you cross the sea? you erect a Cross in your boat (mast and spars). Would you plough? you hold a Cross in your hands. Would you lead your people to war? you carry a Cross before them (vexilla). Nay, even your own bodies, in what do they differ from those of the animals. Is it not that their form is that of a Cross?

It is not for nothing, he cries, that this sign is woven into the very texture of life, but that *seeing we should understand*.¹ He further meets the pagan reluctance to accept a crucified God with a statement which sounds strangely to modern ears, but is intelligible enough in the mouth of one accustomed to the idea of a large divine hierarchy. Christ, he says, was not God, but divine.

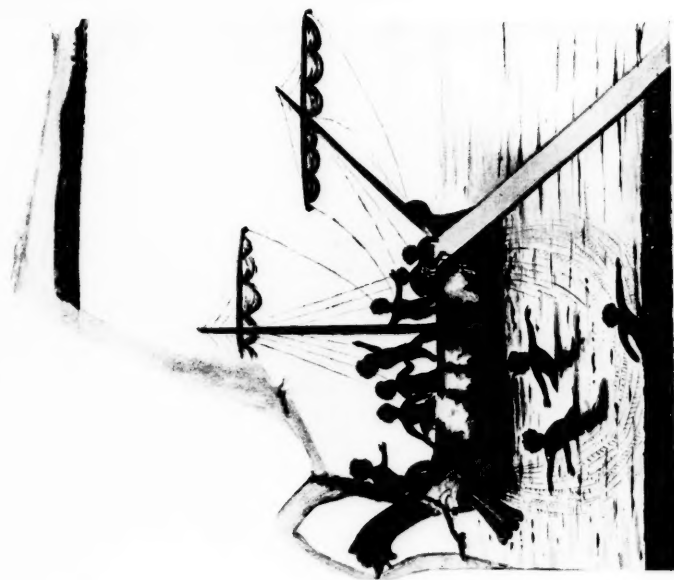
He is very explicit on this point.

How could the Creator Unbegotten, Inconceivable, Unchangeable "talk with any one, or be seen by any one?" he asks. And elsewhere, he says, "he who has the smallest intelligence will not venture to assert that the Maker and Father of all Things having left all supercelestial matters was visible on a little portion of the earth."

¹ See First Apology, chaps. 54 and 55.



The graffito of the Palatine
 ("Alexametos worships his God")



The Ship of the Church
 (Fresco from the Catacombs of Cagliari)

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He bridges the gulf yawning between man and this inaccessible Deity with a philosophic idea current throughout the Hellenistic world, the common property, under differing forms, of Platonists and Stoics, of the Alexandrine successors of Philo, and of the group of Christians who were the disciples of St. John—that of the Logos. This Logos he declared was incarnate in Christ.

"But," ask the sceptics, "how do you know that this crucified teacher of Nazareth was the incarnate Logos?" "By the evidence of prophecy," he replies.

This was a universally accepted and strong argument at a time when all believed in portents, auguries, dreams, forebodings, and oracles; when foreknowledge of future events was the recognised prerogative of gods.

All things, Justin asserts, which Christ was to be, to do, and to teach were foretold by prophets, Jews chiefly, but also Gentiles; by the Syrian Balaam, by the teachers of the Magi, the Sibyl and Hystaspes, and by certain Greek philosophers, "who have been a wall and fortress to us."

Nor is this all. He did not believe that the character, suffering, and teaching of the Saviour was foretold by prophecy alone; but by certain facts. He looked on the history of the Jews as a long Mystery-Play; as a great Drama enacted for the purpose of foreshadowing the life of Christ, so that when He came He should be recognised by the Elect on testimony of so cosmic a scale. Among the actors of Old Testament history are some especially, in whom—looking with the eye of faith—he sees Christ in a figure: these are Melchizedek, the great and eternal High Priest; Jacob, the Shepherd and Lover; Moses, the Redeemer, who leads his people from the land of bondage, and sustains them miraculously in the Wilderness, who saves them from extermination by transforming his body into the semblance of the Cross; and "Jesus Nave," who leading His people from victory to victory, finally gives them possession of the Promised Land.

To the Gentiles Justin presented Christianity as the true

philosophy ; but to the Jews as the New and Eternal Covenant, made, not with a single nation, as was theirs, but with all peoples, past, present, and to come. His attitude towards Israelites is one of the deepest enmity ; he treats their pretensions to being the Chosen People with contempt ; " far from being the elect," he says to the Jew Trypho, " you are a people set apart as unclean ; for circumcision according to the flesh . . . was given as a sign that you might be separated from us, and from all other nations, and that ye might suffer alone that which ye now justly suffer."

For what is your history ? he cries. In spite of special revelations, in spite of the fact that you were the actual actors in the great drama in which the life and teaching of the Redeemer were foreshadowed, although His coming and character were foreannounced by your own prophets, yet when He came you set on Him and slew Him, therefore, he adds, ye suffer justly that which ye now suffer. The especial aspect of this suffering was a further proof to him of the divinity of his Lord, of His divine power of prescience, for Christ had prophesied three things : the persecution of his followers, the fall of Jerusalem, and His return in glory and power.

When Justin wrote the first two were already fulfilled, and their enactment was naturally regarded as a pledge of the fulfilment of the third, a prophecy coupled with promises of so magnificent a character that, as Justin says, the man who hesitated to earn such rewards at the price of a temporal agony must either be a fool or a constitutional coward.

" We are assured of the things he taught us," he writes to the Emperor, " because what he foretold should come to pass is happening ; and that is the work of a God, to tell of a thing before it happens."

Undeniably awe-inspiring is the last chapter of Jewish history, if taken in connection with the prophecies of Christ ; the tragic story is black with doom. Behind the dark tale of oppression, internecine warfare, fanaticism, rebellion, bloodshed, and national extinction there seems to glower an angry God.

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The mere rapidity with which the gathering storm engulfed the doomed people seemed to speak of divine vengeance.

"See ye all those things," Christ said, pointing to Herod's beautiful Temple, "verily I say unto you, that there shall not be left one stone upon another that shall not be thrown down." Less than forty years afterwards Titus systematically destroyed Jerusalem, demolishing the Temple stone by stone.

Shortly before Justin wrote Hadrian had forbidden circumcision, as a barbarous rite he chose to suppress in his dominions. It was practised by the Egyptians, Arabians, and Samaritans, the law, therefore, was not especially aimed at the Jews, but it struck them hard, and the sons of the Maccabees rose in defence of their religious liberty.

A few years later, during his celebrated tour of 130-131, the Emperor visited the ruins of Jerusalem, then a temporary Roman camp, and the imagination of this great builder was inflamed by the idea of evoking a new and splendid city on so historic a site. The architect Apollodorus received orders to realise this vision; porticos were to arise, gymnasiums, theatres, all the appurtenances of the luxury and amusement of a Hellenistic city; and dominating all—for Hadrian was religious—a Temple of unheard-of magnificence—the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus.

That the spot selected should be the site of the ancient Temple of Solomon was an accident to which the Roman Emperor attached no importance. But the Christians watched it arise with awe-struck eyes, for was not this the sign? "When, therefore, ye see the Abomination of Desolation standing in the Holy Place (let him that readeth understand) . . . then shall be great tribulation . . . but for the elects' sake the days shall be shortened . . . as the lightning cometh from the East and is seen in the West . . . so shall be the Coming of the Son of Man."

Its erection affected the Israelites differently, they were excited to the verge of madness by this act of Imperial philanthropy. No sooner had Hadrian left than the rebellion which

had been smouldering blazed forth. Too weak to meet the Imperial Legionaries in the open field, the Jews embarked on a guerilla war of reprisals and sallies; of short duration however, for a Roman General, then engaged in "pacifying" Britain, was recalled from this barbarous island, and sent to Palestine. He dealt with the rebels coolly, devastated the country side systematically, isolated the patriots, and then starved them out, and thus "re-established peace." Jerusalem was levelled literally to the ground, and on its site, which it is said in the Mishna was ploughed, rose a new and splendid city, Ælia Capitolina, into which no Jew was permitted to enter on pain of death.

Could national retribution be more drastic? asks Justin.

"Your land is desolate, your cities burned, strangers eat your fruit in your presence, and not one of you may go into Jerusalem; these things have happened unto you in all justice and equity; for ye slew the Just One, and His Prophets before Him, and now ye reject those that hope in Him, and in Him that sent Him, God the Almighty and Maker of all things, cursing in your synagogues those that believe in Christ; for you cannot lay hands on us because of those who are now in power, but when you could you did."

And you, he asks, you pretend to be the Chosen People?

"You deceive yourselves, if you fancy because you are the seed of Abraham according to the flesh, therefore ye shall inherit the good things promised by God through Christ"; and again, making a characteristic point explicitly, "the true spiritual Israel, and descendants of . . . Abraham . . . are we who have been led to God through this crucified Christ."

The divine repudiation of the physical seed of Abraham, and their supersession by a spiritual "People of God," this is the point of Justin's argument with the Jew Trypho.

As Christ, he says, is Israel and Jacob, so we . . . are the Israelitish race; but as for you . . . "you who forsake me . . . I will give you to the sword. You shall fall with slaughter. I called you, and you hearkened not." "Such are

the words of Scripture ; understand, therefore, that the seed of Jacob . . . is not . . . your people . . . there are two seeds of Jacob, two races . . . two houses . . . the one begotten by blood and flesh, the other by faith and the spirit. You neither suffer God when He calls you, nor hear Him when He speaks to you, but have done evil in His presence . . . the height of your wickedness lies in this, that you hated the Righteous One, and slew Him, and treat in the same manner those who have received from Him all they are, and all they have, and are, moreover, pious, righteous, and humane."

Fontes persecutionum, Tertullian calls the Jews.

And that they should have been so is intelligible. Paradoxical as it may appear, although exclusive, they were ardent proselytisers, and hoped, while retaining a dominant rôle as the Children of Abraham, to make their faith the universal religion ; but their dream was destroyed by a sect of men of their own flesh and blood, who proclaimed a new religion which claimed their best as theirs, and declared *them* outcasts ; and this in no measured terms, accusing them in their own synagogues (to which, as co-religionists, they had access), of being enemies of God, and the murderers of his emissaries.

It is quite credible that such arguments should result in "gnashing of teeth" and stoning.¹

The reader of the Acts of the Apostles will remember that it was the Jews and not the Hellenists who offered the most determined resistance to the spread of Christianity, and that it was from Jewish calumnies that Paul appealed unto Cæsar. But even in Rome they were all-powerful, and it has been conclusively proved that to their machinations, aided by the Empress Poppæa, who is believed to have been a Jewish proselyte, may be traced the great persecution under Nero in which the Apostle lost his life.

Well might Justin Martyr cry, "Other nations have not inflicted on us and on Christ such wrongs as you have, you

¹ Now when they heard these things, they were cut to the heart, and gnashed on him with their teeth.—Acts vii. 51.

who are the authors of the wicked prejudice against the Just One . . . you who sent selected men to publish abroad the report of Christian atheism."

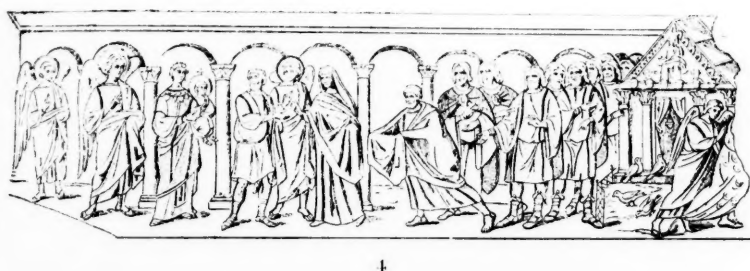
Having recalled to the reader's memory certain facts which profoundly influenced the Christian thought of the time of the Antonines, and illuminated the pictures of which we desire to determine the date, we will remind him of opinions on the same, or cognate points current in the fifth century, the date to which the mosaics we are studying are generally attributed.

We have seen how definitely hostile was the Christian attitude towards the Jews. In the fifth century such an attitude would have been ungenerous, so completely was the foe disabled. Moreover, at that time, the Fall of Jerusalem, the erection of the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, and the national extinction of the Jews, had ceased to occupy any place in the popular imagination; they were already relegated to the limbo of past history, where a thousand years are as one, as was also the question whether the Jews or the Christians were the *Plebs Dei*; time had decided conclusively in favour of the Christians. The place of these once burning questions was filled by a controversy of which one of the battle-cries was Theotokos—Bearer of God—and represented interests of a very different order.

Characteristically dissimilar was the conception of the Divine Hierarchy in the second and fifth centuries. Justin again and again clearly asserts that he believes in one God only, the Creator, who is from everlasting; and that, together with Him, he "worships and adores" His Son (Apostle and Angel he calls Him elsewhere) who came forth from Him, and taught us . . . and the host of other good angels . . . and the prophetic spirit.¹ Beside this declaration of faith we would place the Athanasian Creed.

Again, after having spoken of the points of contact between the teaching of Christ and that of Pagan philosophers,

¹ 1 Ap. VI. Antinicens Christian Library, vol. i. page 11.



1. Christ with two attendant Angels. 2 and 3. Fontes Persecutionum.
4. Christ and the Jews. 5. Detail of Pediment of the "Temple of
Jerusalem." 6. "Templum Romæ:" from a coin of Maxentius.

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Platonists, Stoics, and others, Justin asserts that "each spoke well according to the portion granted him of the Seed-like Word" (Logos spermatikos), and that therefore "whatever has been rightly said by any man is the property of us Christians, who next to God worship and love the Logos . . . who became man for our sakes, that having partaken of our sufferings he might bring us healing."

Against this generous Catholicism we would place Augustine's dictum that the virtues of Pagans are "splendid sins," because unsanctified by faith.

The features of these two phases of religious thought being so strikingly dissimilar it should be possible to decide which is reflected in the pictures we are studying.

The second picture of the short cycle dedicated to the story of Abraham represents the visit of the Three Angels to Abraham in a series of three scenes, their reception, the preparation of a meal, and the meal itself, conceived sacramentally.

We have to do with the first of these subjects only. It is fully treated by Justin Martyr who uses it in his argument with the monotheistic Jew to prove that associated with God was a second Divine Person whom He sent to Abraham as his delegate (apostle, or angel), accompanied by two attendant angels, to announce the miraculous birth of a child in whom all the ends of the earth should be blessed. This supreme angel, he notes, is called "Lord" by Abraham.

He uses this incident, therefore, to support a conception of the Divine Hierarchy in which there is no trace of the idea of a Trinity of co-equal persons.

In the Liberian mosaic Abraham is represented as advancing, bowed with reverence, towards a closely knit group of three superhuman Beings who move to meet him. The head of each is encircled by a nimbus, but the central figure alone is enclosed in a light blue aureola; his feet rest on crimson clouds, a constant symbol of the Divine presence, whereas those of his companions tread the ground. He alone speaks;

the others, standing somewhat back, lift their hands in confirmation of his words.

Who with the solemn rhythm of the "*Symbolum quicunque*"¹ sounding in his ears,—“In this Trinity none is afore or after other, none is greater or less than another, but the whole three Persons are co-eternal together, and co-equal,”—can see its reflection in a group of Three Beings, of whom One is characterised by every accessory it was in the artist's power to bestow, as supreme, while every gesture of his attendants attests their subordination?

Clearly it is Justin's thought which is expressed; the visit of the Son and Ambassador with befitting attendance.

Following this picture is another representing the separation of Abraham and Lot, clearly not conceived realistically, for Isaac, who was born years afterwards, is the pivot on which the action turns.

It consists of two groups. On the left are Abraham and his family, who gather about a temple-like building, overshadowed by a tree (a shrine, therefore, or holy place, according to the canons of classic art), in front of which stands the Child of Promise, on whose head the Patriarch lays his hands with a gesture which says clearly, “This is my choice; here do I abide.” On the left is Lot, who, with his wife and children, turns decidedly away, and moves swiftly towards the doomed city, Sodom.

Does not this picture mirror the thought which we have seen was characteristic of the theology of the Apologists, that of the two peoples of the race of Abraham—those according to the flesh, who reject God's promises, and those according to the spirit, who are saved by their faith? Or of the two nations in Jewry, of which Justin says that “Christ shall raise the one which is worthy of the honour to the everlasting kingdom . . .

¹ Although it has been proved that the so-called “Athanasian Creed” is posterior to Athanasius, yet, as it summarises the decisions of the first four “Ecumenical Councils,” we feel at liberty to regard it as representative of the thought of early Post-Constantinian Christianity.

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but will send the others to the condemnation of unquenchable fire."¹

Is not this scene conceived as foreshadowing a later incident represented on the Arch, in which is pictured the Child, carried by his mother, attended by Joseph and four angels, and acclaimed as the promised Messiah by Simeon and Hannah, but repudiated by a hostile procession of priests, who turn with significant gestures from him to a classic building, the pediment of which is dominated by a personification of Rome, a symbol of the national extinction of the Jewish people, and of the domination of Rome, which was, in contemporary opinion, the fruit of the action of the Jewish hierarchy, "the Abomination of Desolation" which Christ had foretold would arise on the "Holy Place," the presence of which was looked on at the time as a signal evidence of divine displeasure?

The lowest stratum of the Arch consists of two pictures, obviously connected in thought by a figure common to both, that of Herod, who is twice represented, once at either end of each picture; in both instances he is enthroned, wears the dress of a General or Emperor, and his head is encircled by a nimbus; he is therefore conceived as representative of divine power on earth. In the one picture Jewish priests standing near listen closely to words, which seem to be of their prompting, addressed by him to the Magi. In the pendant he is pictured as ordering the death of the first Martyrs, the Innocents, who welcome their fate with a noble joy. Surely here again the thought represented is Tertullian's *fontes persecutionum*.

It may at first sight surprise the reader that pictures of such mystic contents should be so realistic in form, but, on second thoughts, it will be realised that this is logical, for the stories of the Old Testament did not figure in the minds of the early Christians as legends, or as allegories, or as suggestive folk-lore, but as incidents which had actually taken place, as real history, though enacted for especial purposes. Their

¹ See "Dial. with Tryph."

objective reality was therefore a corner-stone of the Christian faith, for were they not prophetic guarantees of the office of Christ, the Son of God?

If their historical reality were dubious, what were Christians following but "cunningly devised fables?"

Hence, in literature as in art, Old Testament incidents are treated with the crudest realism, with the object of establishing their real occurrence; when this had been conclusively established, then only could the question arise why such an event took place: and then it was all-important to show what it foreshadowed, to unveil the prophetic element to which its transcendental importance was due.

The point of view of Post-Constantinian Christianity was a different one. In the fifth century Old Testament incidents were no longer viewed as credentials, but as allegories; they were no longer treated naturalistically, but dogmatically; chronologically distinct scenes of which the didactic contents were similar were grouped together, the sacrifice of Melchizedek, for instance, was pictured in conjunction with that of Abel; the representation of the sacrifice of Isaac was combined with that of the meal given by Abraham to the Three Angels, whereas in the Basilica S. Maria Maggiore these incidents are each treated independently, as actual historical facts—of which the inner significance, however, was prophetic and prototypical.

In Post-Constantinian Art, moreover, the Three Angels who visited Abraham were conceived, not as here, as one, with two attendants, but as three equals—a Trinity in Unity.

It is clear that the theology of the second century was not identical with that of the fifth; and that it is the theology of the second century which is reflected in the mosaics of S. Maria Maggiore.

(To be concluded)

FORT AMITY

CHAPTER XXVI

DICK'S JUDGMENT

TWO days later Amherst landed his troops at La Chine, marched them unopposed to Montreal, and encamped before the city on its western side. Within the walls M. de Vaudreuil called a council of war.

Resistance was madness. From east, south, west, the French commanders — Bourslamaque, Bougainville, Roquemaure, Dumas, La Corne—had all fallen back, deserted by their militias. The provincial army had melted down to two hundred men, the troops of the line numbered scarce above two thousand. The city, crowded with non-combatant refugees, held a bare fortnight's provisions. Its walls, built for defence against Indians, could not stand against the guns which Amherst was already dragging up from the river; its streets of wooden houses awaited only the first shell to set them ablaze.

On the eastern side Murray was moving closer, to encamp for the siege; to the south the tents of Haviland's army dotted the river shore. Seventeen thousand British and British-Colonials ringed round all that remained of New France, ready to end her by stroke of sword if Vaudreuil would not by stroke of pen.

Next morning Bougainville sought Amherst's tent and

¹ Copyright 1904 by A. T. Quiller-Couch in the United States of America.

presented a bulky paper containing fifty-five articles of capitulation. Amherst read them through, and came to the demand that the troops should march out with arms, cannon, flags, and all the honours of war. "Inform the Governor," he answered, "that the whole garrison of Montreal, and all other French troops in Canada, must lay down their arms, and undertake not to serve again in this war." Bougainville bore his message, and returned in a little while to remonstrate; but in vain. Then Levis tried his hand, sending his quartermaster-general to plead against terms so humiliating—"terms," he wrote, "to which it will not be possible for us to subscribe." Amherst replied curtly that the terms were harsh, and he had made them so intentionally; they marked his sense of the conduct of the French throughout the war in exciting their Indian allies to atrocity and murder.

So Fort William Henry was avenged at length, in the humiliation of gallant men; and human vengeance proved itself, perhaps, neither more nor less clumsy than usual.

Vaudreuil tried to exact that the English should, on their side, pack off their Indians. He represented that the town-folk of Montreal stood in terror of being massacred. Again Amherst refused. "No Frenchman," said he, "surrendering under treaty has ever suffered outrage from the Indians of our army." This was on the 7th of September.

Early on the 8th Vaudreuil yielded and signed the capitulation. Levis, in the name of the army, protested bitterly. "If the Marquis de Vaudreuil, through political motives, believes himself obliged to surrender the colony at once, we beg his leave to withdraw with the troops of the line to Isle Ste. Hélène, to maintain there, on our own behalf, the honour of the King's arms." To this, of course, the Governor could not listen. Before the hour of surrender the French regiments burnt their flags.

On the southern shore of the St. Lawrence, in the deepest recess of a small, curving bay, the afternoon sun fell through a

screen of bulrushes upon a birch canoe and a naked man seated in the shallows beside it. In one hand he held out, level with his head, a lock of hair, dark and long and matted, while the other sheared at it with a razor. The razor flashed as he turned it this way and that against the sun. On his shoulders and raised upper arm a few water-drops glistened, for he had been swimming.

The severed locks fell into the stream that rippled beside him through the bulrush stems. Some found a channel at once and were swept out of sight, others were caught against the stems and trailed out upon the current like queer water-flags. He set the razor back in the canoe, and, rising cautiously, looked about for a patch of clear, untroubled water to serve him for a mirror; but small eddies and cross-currents dimpled the surface everywhere, and his search was not a success. Next he fetched forth from the canoe an earthenware pan with lye and charcoal, mixed a paste, and began to lather his head briskly.

Twice he paused in his lathering. Before his shelter rolled the great river, almost two miles broad; and clear across that distance, from Montreal, came the sound of drums beating, bells ringing, men shouting and cheering. In the Place d'Armes, over there, Amherst was parading his troops to receive the formal surrender of the Marquis de Vaudreuil. Murray and Haviland were there, leading their brigades, with Gage and Grazer and Burton; Carleton and Haldimand and Howe—Howe of the Heights of Abraham, brother of him who fell in the woods under Ticonderoga; the great Johnson of the Mohawk Valley whom the Iroquois obeyed; Rogers of the backwoods, bravest of the brave; Schuyler and Lyman; and over against them, drinking the bitterest cup of their lives, Levis and Bourlamaque and Bougainville, Dumas, Ponchot, and de la Corne—victors and vanquished, all the surviving heroes of the five years' struggle face to face in the city square.

Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta—the half of

North America was changing hands at this moment, and how a bare two miles' distance diminished it all! What child's play it made of the rattling drums! From his shelter John à Cleeve could see almost the whole of the city's river front—all of it indeed but a furlong or two at its western end; and the clean atmosphere showed up even the loopholes pierced in the outer walls of the great Seminary. Above the old-fashioned square bastions of the citadel floated a white flag; and that this flag bore a red cross instead of the golden lilies it had borne yesterday was the one and only sign, not easily discerned, of a reversal in the fate of two nations. The steeples and turrets of Montreal, the old windmill, the belfry and high-pitched roof of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, the massed buildings of the Seminary and the Hôtel Dieu, the spire of the Jesuits rose against the green shaggy slopes of the mountain, and over the mountain the sky paled tranquilly towards evening. Sky, mountain, forests, mirrored belfry, and broad rolling river—a permanent peace seemed to rest on them all.

Half a mile down-stream where Haviland's camp began, the men of the nearest picket were playing chuck-farthing. Duty deprived them of the spectacle in the Place d'Armes, and thus, as soldiers, they solaced themselves. Through the bulrush stems John heard their voices and laughter.

A canoe came drifting down the river, across the opening of the little creek. A man sat in it with his paddle laid across his knees, and as the stream bore him past his eyes scanned the water inshore. John recognised Bateese at once; but Bateese, after a glance, went by unheeding. It was no living man he sought.

John finished his lathering at leisure, waded out beyond the rushes and cast himself forward into deep water. He swam a few strokes, ducked his head, dived, and swam on again; turned on his back and floated, staring up into the sky; breasted the strong current and swam against it, fighting it in sheer lightness of heart. Boyhood came back to him with his cleansing, and a boyish memory—of an hour between sunset

and moonrise ; of a Devonshire lane, where the harvest waggons had left wisps of hay dangling from the honeysuckles ; of a triangular patch of turf at the end of the lane, and a white-washed Meeting House with windows open, and through the windows a hymn pouring forth upon the Sabbath twilight—

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all his sons away—

an ever-rolling stream. It would bear him down, and the Generals yonder, victors and vanquished, drums and trumpets, hopes and triumphs and despair—overwhelming, making equal the greater and the less. But meanwhile, how good to be alive and a man, to swim and breast it ! So this river if he fought it would out-tire him, sweep him away and roll on unheeding, majestic, careless of life and of time. But for this moment he commanded it. Let his new life bring what it might, this hour the river should be his servant, should prepare and wash him clean, body and soul. He lifted his head, shaking the water from his eyes, and the very volume of the lustral flood contented him. He felt the strong current pressing against his arms, and longed to embrace it all. And again, tickled by the absurdity of his fancies, he lay on his back and laughed up at the sky.

He swam to shore, flung himself down on his back, and panted. Across the river, by the landing-stage beneath the citadel, a band was playing down Haviland's brigade to its boats ; and one of the boats was bringing a man whom John had great need to meet. When the sun had dried and warmed him, he dressed at leisure, putting on a suit complete, with striped shirt, socks, and cowhide boots purchased from a water-side trader across the river, and paid for with the last of his moneys earned in the wilderness. The boots, though a world too large, cramped him painfully ; and he walked up and down the bank for a minute or two to get accustomed to them, before strolling down to meet the challenge of the pickets.

They were men of the 17th, and John inquired for

their adjutant. They pointed to the returning boats. The corporal in charge of the picket, taking note of his clothes, asked if he belonged to Loring's batteau-men, and John answered that he had come down with them through the falls.

"A nice mess some of you made of it up yonder," was the corporal's comment. "Two days we were on fatigue duty picking up the bodies you sent down to us, and burying them. Only just now a fellow came along in a canoe—a half-witted kind of Canadian; said he was searching for his brother."

"Yes," said John, "I saw him go by. I know the man."

"Hell of a lot of brother he's likely to find. We've tidied up the whole length of the camp front. But there's corpses yet, a mile or two below, or so they say. I sent him down to take his pick."

He put a question or two about the catastrophe. "Scandalous sort of bungle," he pronounced it, being alike ignorant of the strength of the rapids, and fain, as an honest soldier of Haviland's army, to take a discrediting view of anything done by Amherst's. He waxed very scornful indeed.

"Now *we* was allowing you didn't find the stream fast enough, by the way you kept us cooling our heels here." Finding John indisposed to quarrel, he went wearily back to his game of chuck-farthing.

John sat down and waited, scanning the boats as they drew to shore. Dick, whom he had left an ensign, was now adjutant of the 17th. This meant, of course, that he had done creditably, and made himself felt. It meant certain promotion, too, Dick being the very man, as adjutant, to lick a regiment into shape. John could not help pondering a little, by contrast, on his own career, but without any tinge of jealousy or envy. Dick owed nothing to luck; would honestly earn or justify any favour that Fortune might grant.

The young adjutant, stepping ashore, swung round on his heel to shout his orders among the crowding boats. His voice, albeit John thrilled to the sound of it, was not the voice he remembered. It had hardened somehow. And his face, when

John caught sight of it in profile, was not the face of a man on the sunny side of favour. It was manlier, more resolute, perhaps, than of old, but it had put on reserve and showed even some discontent in the set of the chin. A handsome face still, and youthful, and full of eager strength—but with a shadow on it (thought John) that it had not worn in the days when Dick Montgomery took his young ease in Sion and criticised men and generals.

He was handling the disembarkation well. Clearly, too, his men respected and liked him. But (thought John again) who could help loving him? John had not bargained for the rush of tenderness that shook him, as he stood there unperceived, and left him trembling. For a moment he longed only to escape, and then, mastered by an impulse, scarce knowing what he did, stepped forward and touched his cousin's arm.

"Dick!" he said softly.

Montgomery turned, cast a sharp glance at him, and fell back staring.

"*You!*" John saw the lips form the word, but no sound came. He himself was watching Dick's eyes.

Yes, as incredulity passed, joy kindled in them, and joy and the old affection. For once in his life Richard Montgomery fairly broke down.

"Jack!"—he stretched out both hands. "We heard—You were not among the prisoners——" He paused, his eyes brimming.

"Come, and hear all about it. Oh, Dick, Dick, 'tis good to see your face again!"

They linked arms, and Dick suffered John to lead him back to the canoe among the rushes.

"My mother . . .?" asked John, halting there by the brink.

"You haven't heard?" Dick turned his face and stared away across the river.

"I have heard nothing. . . . Is she—dead?"

Dick bent his head gravely. "A year since. . . . Your brother Philip wrote the news to me. It was sudden, just a failure of the heart, he said. She had known of the danger for years, but concealed it."

John seated himself on the bank, and gazed out over the river for a minute or so in silence. "She believed me dead, of course?" he began, but did not ask how the blow had affected her. Likely enough Dick would not know. "Is there any more bad news?" he asked at length.

"None. Your brother is well, and there's another child born. The à Cleeves are not coming to an end just yet. No more questions, Jack, until you've told me all about yourself."

He settled down to listen, and John, propping himself on an elbow, began his tale.

Twice or thrice during the narrative Dick knit his brows in perplexity. When, however, John came to tell of his second year's sojourn with the Ojibways, he sat up with a jerk and stared at his cousin in a blank dismay.

"But, good Lord! You said just now that this fellow—this Menehwehna—had promised to help you back to the army, as soon as Spring came. Did he break his word, then?"

"No: he would have kept his word. But I didn't want to return."

"You didn't—want—to return!" Dick repeated the words slowly, trying to grasp them. "Man alive, were you clean mad? Don't you see what cards you held? Oh," he groaned, "you're not going on to tell me that you threw them away—the chance of a lifetime!"

"I'm afraid I don't see," answered John simply.

Dick sprang up and paced the bank with his hands clenched, half lifted. "God, if such a chance had fallen to *me*! You had intercepted two despatches, one of which might have hurried the French up from Montreal here to save Fort Frontenac. Wherever you could, you bungled; but you rode on the full tide of luck. And even when you tumbled into

love with this girl—oh, you needn't deny it!—even when you walked straight into the pitfall that ninety-nine men in a hundred would have seen and avoided—your very folly pulled you out of the mess. You escaped, by her grace, having foiled two despatches and possessed yourself of knowledge that might have saved Amherst from wasting ten minutes where he wasted two days. And now you stare at me when I tell you that you held the chance of a lifetime? Why, man, you could have asked what promotion you willed! Some men have luck——” Speech failed him and he cast himself down at full length on the turf again. “Go on,” he commanded grimly.

And John resumed, but in another, colder, tone. The rest of the story he told perfunctorily, omitting all mention of the fight on the flagstaff tower and telling no more than was needful of the last adventure of the rapids. Either he or Dick had changed. Having begun, he persevered, but now without hope to make himself understood.

“Did ever man have such luck?” grumbled Dick. “You have made yourself a deserter. You did all you could to earn being shot; you walked back, and again did all you could to leave Amherst no other choice but to shoot you. And, again, you blunder into saving half an army! Have you seen Amherst?”

“He sent for me at La Chine, to reward me.”

“You told him all, of course?”

“I did—or almost all.”

“Then since he has not shot you, I presume you are now restored to the Forty-sixth, and become the just pride of the regiment.”

Dick's voice had become bitter with a bitterness at which John wondered; but all his answer was:

“Look at these clothes. They will tell you if I am restored to the Forty-sixth.”

“So that was more than Amherst could bring himself to stomach?”

"On the contrary, he gave me my choice; but I am resigning my commission."

"Eh? Well, I suppose your monstrous luck with the despatches had earned you his leniency. You told him of Fort Frontenac, I presume?"

"I did not tell him of that. But some one else had taken care that he should learn something of it."

"The girl? You don't mean to tell me that your luck stepped in once again?"

"Mademoiselle Diane must have guessed that I meant to tell the General all. She left a sealed letter which he opened in my presence. As for my luck," continued John, and now it was his turn to speak bitterly, "you may think how I value it when I tell you how the letter ended. With the General's help, it said, she was hiding herself for ever; and as a man of honour I must neither seek her nor hope for sight of her again."

And Dick's comment finally proved to John that between them these two years had fixed a gulf impassable. "Well, and you ought to respect her wishes," he said. "She interfered to save you if ever a woman saved a man." He was striding to and fro again on the bank. "And what will you do now?" he demanded, halting suddenly.

"The General thinks Murray will be a governor, and promises to recommend me to him. There's work to be done in reducing the outlying French forts and bringing the Indians to reason. Probably I shall be sent west."

"You mean to live your life out in Canada?"

"I do."

"Tell me at least that you have given up hope of this girl."

John flushed. "I shall never seek her," he answered, "but while life lasts I shall not give up hope of seeing her once again."

"And I am waiting for my captaincy," said Dick grimly; "who with less than half your luck would have commanded a regiment!"

He swung about suddenly to confront a corporal—John's critical friend of the picket—who had come up the bank seeking him.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the corporal, saluting, "but there's a Canadian below that has found a corpse along-shore, and wants to bury him on his own account."

"That will be Bateese Guyon," said John. They walked together down the shore to the spot where Bateese bent over his brother.

"This is the man," said he, "who led us through the Roches Fendues. Respect his dead body, Dick."

"I hope," said Dick, lifting his hat as he stood by the corpse, "I can respect a man who did a brave deed and died for his country."

CHAPTER XXVII

PRÈS-DE-VILLE

FIFTEEN years passed, and a few months. In December 1775, on the rock of Quebec, Great Britain clung with a last almost despairing grip upon Canada, which, on that September day in 1760 had passed so completely into her hands.

All through December the snow had fallen almost incessantly; and almost incessantly, through the short hours of daylight, the American riflemen, from their lodgings in the suburbs close under the walls, had kept up a fire on the British defenders of Quebec. For the assailants of Great Britain now were her own children; and the man who led them was a British subject still, and, but three years ago, had been a British officer.

No doubts tormented him. Men see their duty by different lights, but Richard Montgomery had always seen his clearly. He had left the British Army for sufficient cause; had sought America, and married an American wife. He served the cause of political freedom now, and meant to serve it so as to win an

imperishable name. The man whom King George had left for ten years a captain had been promoted by Congress Brigadier-General at a stroke. It recognised the greatness of which his own soul had always assured him. "Come what will," he had promised his young wife at parting, "you shall never be ashamed of me." His men adored him for his enthusiasm, his high and almost boyish courage, his dash, his bright self-confidence.

And his campaign had been a triumph. Ticonderoga and Crown Point had fallen before him. He had swept down the Richelieu, capturing St. John's, Charlot, Sorel. Montreal had capitulated without a blow. And so success had swept him on to the cliffs of Quebec—there to break as a spent wave and fail him.

He would not acknowledge this; not though small-pox had broken out among his troops and they, remembering that their term of service was all but expired, began to talk of home, not though his guns, mounted on frozen mounds, had utterly failed to batter a way into the city. As a subaltern he had idolised Wolfe, and here on the ground of Wolfe's triumphant stroke he still dreamed of rivalling it. In Quebec a cautious phlegmatic British General sat and waited, keeping, as the moonless nights drew on, his officers ready against surprise. For a week they had slept with their clothes on and their arms beside them.

From the lower town of Quebec a road, altered now beyond recognition, ran along the base of Cape Diamond between the cliff and the river; and, narrowing as it began to climb, became a mere defile, known as *Près-de-Ville*, having the scarped rock on one hand and on the other a precipice dropping almost to the water's edge. Across this defile the British had drawn a palisade and built on the edge of the pass above it a *hangar* sheltering the defenders and a small three-pounder battery.

Soon after midnight on the last morning of the year, a man came battling his way down from the upper town to the *Près-*

de-Ville barrier. A blinding snowstorm raged through the darkness, and, although it blew out of the north, the cliff caught its eddies and beat them back swirling about the useless lantern he carried. The freshly fallen snow encumbering his legs held him steady against the buffeting of the wind; and foot by foot, feeling his way—for he could only guess how near lay the edge of the precipice—he struggled towards the stream of light issuing from the *hangar*.

As he reached it the squall cleared suddenly, and throwing back his snow-caked hood, he gazed up towards the citadel on the cliff. The walls up there stood out brilliant against the black heavens, and he muttered approvingly; for it was he who, as Officer of the Works, had suggested to the Governor the plan of hanging out lanterns and fire-pots from the salient angles of the bastions; and he flattered himself that, if the enemy intended an assault up yonder, not a dog could cross the great ditch undetected.

But it appeared to him that the men in the *hangar* were not watching too alertly, or they would never have allowed him to draw so near unchallenged.

He was lifting a hand to hammer on the rough door giving entrance from the rear when it was flung open, and a man in provincial uniform peered out upon the night.

"Is that you, Captain Chabot?"

The man in the doorway smothered an exclamation. "The wind was driving the snow in upon us by the shovelful," he explained. "We are keeping a sharp enough look-out down the road."

"So I perceived," answered John à Cleeve curtly, and stepped past him into the *hangar*. About fifty men stood packed there in a stream of breath around the guns—the most of them Canadians and British militiamen, with a sprinkling of petticoated sailors.

"Who is working these?" asked John à Cleeve, laying his hand on the nearest three-pounder.

"Captain Barnsfare." A red-faced seaman stepped forward

and saluted awkwardly: Adam Barnsfare, master of the *Tell* transport.

"Your crew all right, captain?"

"All right, sir."

"The Governor sends me down with word that he believes the enemy means business to-night. Where's your artilleryman?"

"Sergeant McQuarters, sir? He stepped down, a moment since, to the barrier to keep the sentry awake."

John à Cleeve glanced up at the lamp smoking under the beam.

"You have too much light here," he said. "If McQuarters has the guns well pointed, you need only one lantern for your lintstocks."

He blew out the candle in his own, and reaching up a hand, lowered the light until it was all but extinct. As he did so his hood fell back, and the lamp-rays illumined his upturned face for two or three seconds; a tired face, pinched just now with hard living and wakefulness, but moulded and firmed by discipline. Fifteen years had bitten their lines deeply about the under-jaw and streaked the temples with grey. But they had been years of service; and, whatever he had missed in them, he had found self-reliance.

He stepped out upon the pent of the *hangar*, and, with another glance up at the night, plunged into the deep snow, and trudged his way down to the barricade.

"Sergeant McQuarters!"

"Here, sir!" The Highlander saluted in the darkness. "Any word from up yonder, sir?" A faint glow touched the outlines of his face as he lifted it towards the illuminated citadel.

"The Governor looks for an assault to-night. So you know me, McQuarters?"

"By your voice, sir," answered McQuarters; and added quaintly, "Ah, sir, it was different weather in those days."

"Ay," said John, "we have come around by strange roads; you an artilleryman, and I——" He broke off, musing. For

a moment, standing there knee-deep in snow, he heard the song of the waters, saw the forests again, the dripping ledges, the cool pendant boughs, smelt the fragrance of the young spruces. The spell of the woodland silence held him, and he listened again for the rustle of wild life in the undergrowth.

"Hist! What was that?"

"Another squall coming, sir. It's on us too, and a rasper!"

But, as the snow-charged gust swept down and blinded them in its whirl, John leaned towards McQuarters, and lifted his voice sharply.

"It was more than that—hark you!" He gripped McQuarters' arm and pointed to the barricade, over which for an instant a point of steel had glimmered. "Back, man! Back to the guns!" He yelled to the sentry, but the man was already running; and together the three floundered back to the *hangar*. Behind them blows were already sounding above the howl of the wind; blows of musket butts hammering on the wooden palisade.

"Steady, men," grunted McQuarters as he reached the pent. "Give them time to break an opening—their files will be nicely huddled by this time."

He glanced around approvingly. Captain Chabot had his men lined up and ready: two ranks of them, the front rank kneeling.

"Give the word, my lad," said Captain Barnsfare cheerfully, lintstock in hand.

"Fire, then!—and God defend Quebec!"

The last words were lost in an explosion which seemed to lift the roof off the *hangar*. In the flare of it John saw the faces of the Americans—their arms outstretched and tearing at the palisade. Down upon them the grape-shot whistled, tearing through the gate it outstripped, and close on it followed the Canadians' volleys.

Barnsfare had sprung to the second gun. McQuarters nodded to him.

For ten minutes the guns swept the pass. The flame of

them lit up no faces now by the shivered palisade, and between the explosions came no cheering from down the road. The riflemen loaded, fired, and reloaded ; but they aimed into darkness and silence.

Captain Chabot lifted a hand.

The squall had swept by. High in the citadel drums were beating ; and below, down by the waterside to the eastward, volleys of musketry crackled sharply. But no sound came up the pass of *Près-de-Ville*.

"That will be at the *Sault-au-Matelot* barrier," said *McQuarters*, nodding his head in the direction of the musketry.

"We've raked decks here, anyhow," Captain *Barnsfare* commented, peering down the road ; and one or two Canadians volunteered to descend and explore the palisade. For a while Captain Chabot demurred, fearing that the Americans might have withdrawn around the angle of the cliff and be holding themselves in ambush there.

"A couple of us could make sure of that," urged John. "They have left their wounded, at all events, as you may hear by the groans. With your leave Captain——"

Captain Chabot yielded the point, and John with a corporal and a drummer descended the pass.

A dozen bodies lay heaped by the palisade. For the moment he could not stay to attend to them, but, passing through, followed the road down to the end of its curve around the cliff. Two corpses lay here of men who, mortally wounded, had run with the crowd before dropping to rise no more. The tracks in the snow told plainly enough that the retreat had been a stampede.

Returning to the palisade he shouted up that the coast was clear, and fell to work searching the faces of the fallen. The fresh snow, in which they lay deep, had already frozen about them ; and his eye, as he swung the lantern slowly round, fell on a hand and arm which stood up stiffly above the white surface.

He stepped forward, flashing his lantern on the dead man's face—and dropped on his knees beside it with a sob.

“Do you know him, sir?” McQuarters' voice was speaking close by.

“I know him,” answered John dully, and groped and found a thin blade which lay beside the corpse. “He was my cousin, and once my best friend.”

He felt the edge of the sword with his gloved hand, all the while staring at the arm pointing upwards and fixed in the rigor of death, frozen in its last gesture as Richard Montgomery had lifted it, waving forward his men. And as if the last thirty or forty minutes had never been, he found himself saying to McQuarters:

“We have come around by strange roads, sergeant, and some of us have parted with much on the way.”

He looked up; but his gaze, travelling past McQuarters who stooped over the corpse, fell on the figure of a woman who had approached and halted at three paces distance—a hooded figure in the dress of the *Hospitalières*.

Something in her attitude told him that she had heard. He arose, holding the lantern high; and stared, shaking, into a face which no uncomely linen swathings could disguise from him—into eyes which death only would teach him to forget.

The drums had ceased to call the alarm from the Citadel; musketry no longer crackled in the riverside quarter of Sault-au-Matlot. The assault had been beaten off and close on four hundred prisoners were being marched up the hill, followed by crowds of excited Quebecers. But John à Cleeve roamed the streets at random, alone, unconscious that all the while he gripped the hilt of his cousin's naked sword.

He was due to carry his report to the Governor. By-and-by he remembered this, and ploughed his way up the snowy incline to the Citadel. The sentry told him that the Governor was at the Seminary; had gone down half an hour ago, to number and take the names of the prisoners. John turned back.

Some two hundred prisoners were drawn up in the great hall of the Seminary, and from the doorway John spied the Governor at the far end, interrogating them.

"Eh?" Carleton turned, caught sight of him and smiled gaily. "I fancy, Mr. à Cleeve, your post is going to be a sinecure, after to-night's work. Chabot reports that you were at Près-de-Ville and discovered the General's body."

He turned at the sound of a murmur among the prisoners behind him. One or two had turned to the wall and were weeping audibly. Others stared at John and one or two pointed.

John, following their eyes, looked down at the sword in his hand and stammered an apology.

"Excuse me—I did not know that I carried it. . . . Sirs, believe me, I intended no offence—Richard Montgomery was my cousin."

From the Seminary he walked back to his quarters, meaning to snatch a few hours sleep before daybreak. But having lit his candle, he found that he could not undress. The narrow room stifled him. He flung the sword on his bed, and went down to the streets again.

Dawn found him pacing the narrow sidewalk opposite a small log house in St. Louis Street. Lights show from the upper storey. In the room to the right they had laid Montgomery's body, and were arraying it for burial.

The house door opened, and a lamp in the passage behind it cast a broadening ray across the snow. A woman stepped out, and, in the act of closing the door, caught sight of him. He made no doubt that she would pass up the street; but, after seeming to hesitate, she came slowly over and stood before him.

"You know me, then?" she asked.

He bent his head humbly.

"I have seen you many times, and heard of you," she continued. "I heard what you said, down yonder. . . . Has life been so bitter for you?"

"Diane!"

He turned towards the house. "He has a noble face," she said, gazing up at the bright window.

"He was a great man."

"And yet he fought in the end against his country."

"He believed that he did right."

"Should *you* have believed it right?"

John was silent.

"John——"

He gave a start at the sound of his name and she smiled faintly.

"I have learnt to say it in English, you see."

"Do not mock me, mademoiselle! Fifteen years——"

"That is just what I was going to say. Fifteen years is a very long time—and—and it has not been easy for me, John. I do not think I can do without you any longer."

So in the street, under the dawn, they kissed for the first time.

EPILOGUE

I

Il reviendra-z à Pâques

Ou—à la Trinité.

ON a summer's afternoon of the year 1818, in the deep verandah of a house terraced high above the Hudson, a small company stood expectant. Schuylers and Livingstons were there, with others of the great patroon families; one or two in complete black, and all wearing some badge of mourning. Some were young, others well advanced in middle life; but amidst them and a little apart, reclined a lady, to whose story the oldest had listened in his childhood.

She lay back in an invalid chair, with her face set toward the noble river sweeping into view around the base of a wooded bluff, and toward the line of its course beyond, where its

hidden waters furrowed the forests to the northward, and divided hill from hill. Yet to her eyes the landscape was but a blur, and she saw it only in memory.

For forty-three years she had worn black and a widow's goffered cap. The hair beneath it was thin now, and her body frail and very far on its decline to the grave. On the table at her elbow lay a letter beside a small field-glass, towards which, once and again, she stretched out a hand.

"It is heavy for you, aunt," said her favourite grandniece, who stood at the back of her chair—a beautiful girl in a white frock, high-waisted and tied with a broad, black sash. "We will tell you when they come in sight."

"I know, my dear, I know. It was only to make sure."

"But you tried yesterday, and with the glass your sight was as good as mine, almost."

"Even a day makes a difference, now. You cannot understand that, Janet; you will, some day."

"We will tell you," the girl repeated, "as soon as ever they come in sight; perhaps before. We may see the smoke first between the trees, you know."

"Ay," the old lady answered, and added, "there was no such thing in those days." Her hand went out toward the field-glass again, and rested, trembling a little, on the edge of the table. "I thought—yesterday—that the trees had grown a good deal. They have closed in, and the river is narrower; or perhaps it looks narrower, through a glass."

The men at the far end of the verandah, who had been talking apart while they scanned the upper bends of the river, lowered their voices suddenly. They had heard a throbbing sound to the northward; either the beat of a drum or the panting stroke of a steamboat's paddles.

All waited, with their eyes on the distant woods. By-and-by a film of dark smoke floated up as through a crevice in the massed tree-tops, lengthened, and spread itself in the sunlight. The throbbing grew louder, the beat of a drum, slow and

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funereal, with the clank of paddle-wheels filling its pauses. And now—hark!—a band playing the “Dead March!”

The girl knelt and lifted the glass, ready focused. The failing woman leaned forward, and with fingers that trembled on the tube, directed it upon the river, where it swept broadly around the headland.

What did she see? At first an ugly steamboat nosing into view and belching smoke from its long funnel; then a double line of soldiers crowding the deck, and between their lines what seemed at first to be a black mound with a scarlet bar across it. But the mound was the plumed hearse of her husband, and the scarlet bar the striped flag of the country for which he had died—his adopted country, long since invited to her seat among the nations.

The men in the verandah had bared their heads. They heard a bell ring on board the steamboat. Her paddles ceased to rotate, and after a moment began to churn the river with reversed motion, holding the boat against its current. The troops on her deck, standing with reversed arms; the muffled drums; the half-masted flag; all saluted a hero and the widow of a hero.

So, after forty-three years, Richard Montgomery returned to the wife he had left with a promise that, come what might, she should be proud of him.

Proud she was; she, a worn old woman sitting in the shadow of death, proud of a dry skeleton and a handful of dust under a crape pall. And they had parted in the hey-day of youth, young and ardent, with arms passionately loth to untwine.

What did her eyes seek beneath the pall, the plumes, the flag? Be sure she saw him laid there at his manly length, inert, with cheeks only a little paler than they had been as he stood looking down into her eyes a moment before he strode away. In truth, the searchers, opening his grave in Quebec, had found a few bones, and a skull from which, as they lifted it, a musket-ball dropped back into the rotted coffin; these, and a lock of hair, tied with a leathern thong.

They did not bring him ashore to her. Even after forty years his return must be for a moment only; his country still claimed him. The letter beside her was from Governor Clinton, written in courtliest words, telling her of the grave in New York prepared for him beneath the cenotaph set up by Congress many years before.

Again a bell rang sharply, the paddles ceased backing and ploughed forward again. Still to the sound of muffled drums he passed down the river, and out of her sight for ever.

II

THE PHANTOM GUARD

JUST a hundred years have passed since the assault on Près-de-Ville. It is the last day of 1875, and in the Citadel above the cliff the Commandant and his lady are holding a ball. Outside the warm rooms winter binds Quebec. The St. Lawrence is frozen over, and the copings and escarpments of the old fortress sparkle white under a flying moon.

The Commandant's lady has decreed fancy dress for her dancers, and further, that their costumes shall be those of 1775. The Commandant himself wears the antique uniform of the Royal Artillery, and some of his guests salute him in the very coats, and carry the very swords, their ancestors wore this night a hundred years ago. They pass up the grand staircase hung with standards—golden leopards of England, golden irises of France, the Dominion ensign, the Stars and Stripes—and come face to face with a trophy on the design of which Captain Larne, of the B Battery, has spent some pious hours. Here, above stacks of muskets piled over drums and trumpets, is draped the red and black "rebel" pennant so that its folds fall over the escutcheon of the United States, and against this hangs a sword, heavily craped, with the letters R.I.P. beneath it.

It is the same thin blade of steel which dropped on the

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snow, its hilt warm from Richard Montgomery's hand, as he turned to wave forward his men. His enemies salute it to-night.

They pass into the upper ball-room. They are met to dance a new year in, and the garrison band is playing a waltz of Strauss's—"Die guten alten zeiten." So dance follows dance, and the hours fly by to midnight—outside, the moon in chase past the clouds and over fields and wastes of snow—inside, the feet of dancers warming to their work under the clustered lights.

But on the stroke of midnight a waltz ceases suddenly. From the lower ball-room the high, clear note of a trumpet rings out, silencing the music of the bandsmen. A panel has flown open there and a trumpeter steps forth blowing a call which, as it dies away, is answered by a skirl of pipes and tapping of drums from a remote corner of the barracks. The guests fall back as the sound swells on the night, drawing nearer. Pipes are shrieking now; the rattle of drums shakes the windows. Two folding doors fall wide, and through them stalks a ghostly guard headed by the ghost of Sergeant Hugh McQuarters, in kilt and tartan and cross-belt yet spotted with the blood of a brave Highlander who died in 1775, defending Quebec. The guard looks neither to right nor to left; it passes on through hall and passage and ball-room, halts beneath Montgomery's sword, salutes it in silence, and vanishes.

Some of the ladies are the least bit scared. But the men are pronouncing it a brilliant *coup de théâtre*, and presently crowd about the trophy, discussing Montgomery and what manner of man he was.

Down in St. Louis Street the windows have been illuminated in the old house in which his body lay. Up in the Citadel the boom of guns salutes his memory.

So the world commemorates its heroes, the brave hearts and high minds that never doubted but pressed straight to

their happy or unhappy goals. But some of us hear the guns saluting those who doubted and were lost, or seemed to achieve little; whose high hopes perished by the way; whom fate bound or frustrated; whom conscience or divided counsel drove athwart into paths belying their promises; whom, wrapping both in the same rest, earth covers at length indifferently with its heroes.

So let these guns, a hundred years late, salute the meeting of two lovers who, before they met and were reconciled, suffered much. The flying moon crosses the fields over which they passed forth together, and a hundred winters have covered their tracks on the snow. There is a tradition that they sought Boisveyrac; that children were born to them there; and that they lived and died as ordinary people do. But a thriving town covers the site of the Seigniory and their graves are not to be found.

And north of Lake Michigan there long lingered another tradition—but it has died now—of an Englishman and his wife who came at rare intervals and would live among the Ojibways for a while, accepted by them and accepting their customs; that none could predict the time of their coming or of their departure; but that the man had, once in his time, been a great killer of bears, and for his wisdom, as well as for his wife's beauty, the nation always made them welcome.

A. T. QUILLER-COUCH.

THE END.